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THE NEW

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The Week-end Review

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CONTENTS

COMMENTS . . . . . Page 741
THE INDIAN REPORT. By C. R. Attlee, M.P. . . 744
HUNGER NO GUARANTEE FOR PEACE 745
A LONDON DIARY. 747
THIS ENGLAND 748
GOOD NEWS. By Y. Y. 748
CONSTITUTION AND IDIOSYNCRASY. By Harry Roberts 749
CORRESPONDENCE 750
From H. G. Wells; J. M. Keynes; Patrick Slater: Max Davison; Sir D. M. Stevenson; Rt. Hon. John Burns; Lady O'Conor; Rt. Hon. Thomas Johnston; Halbert Tatlock; W. Horsfall Carter; Miles Malleson and others; P. Fink; Dr. B. Dunlop; Richard Hope; Ernest Thurtle.
AGNEW'S WINTER SHOW. By Clive Bell. . . 753
THE GIELGUD "HAMLET." By Raymond Mortimer 754
PLAYS AND PICTURES . . . . . Page 754
BOOKS IN GENERAL. By David Garnett . . . 757
REVIEWS:
Spain and Its Historians. By George Beaton . 758
The Esher Papers. By Harold J. Laski . . 758
Erasmus. By K. John 759
The Big Bad Wolf. By G. W. Stonier . . . 760
The Railway King. By T. H. Marshall . . 762
New Novels. By Peter Quennell 764
Greek Literature. By E. E. Kellett . . . 766
Recipes for Loveliness. By H. E. Bates . . 766
SHORTER NOTICES 768
WEEK-END COMPETITIONS 770
CROSSWORD 772
THE WEEK IN THE CITY. By Toreador . . . 774

THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

THE new session of Parliament opened on Tuesday, when the mover and seconder of the Address threw the conventional bouquets at the Treasury Bench. We can hardly be expected to agree with the conclusion of Mr. Lindsay's clever speech—that the National Government have discharged their task with "vigour, imagination and vision." But we hope that, with their eye on the next election, they may be impelled to show a modicum of those qualities in the coming year. The outstanding matters with which Parliament will have to deal are India, housing and unemployment. The Indian question is discussed on another page of this issue by Major Attlee, who was a member of the Joint Select Committee, and was also, it will be remembered, on the Simon Commission seven years ago. The Government's proposals, timid though they are, will be supported by the Opposition for what is good in them. And they will be attacked for the same reason by Mr. Churchill and his Die-hard friends. Sir Hilton Young's Overcrowding Bill, if it comes anywhere near the expectations he has held out, should meet with a general welcome.

Trifling with Unemployment

Mr. MacDonald defended the Government's scheme for the depressed areas—as usual with more heat than light. He calls it a "great experiment." If it is, we can only say that it is being initiated in a remarkably small way. No doubt, as the Prime Minister insisted, the figure of £2,000,000 mentioned by Mr. Chamberlain last week is merely a first instalment; there will be more later. But how much? And what is even more important, what is the money to be spent on? There is no sign of any attempt to apply remedies for the general unemployment in the country. The Government turn their backs on the raising of the school age, on big public works, on any bold scheme for the land, and even on the nationalisation of royalties—a pressing need in the mining districts and particularly in South Wales, which is one of the four areas that are to be included in the coming Bill. Mr. Maxton was not far wrong in calling the Prime Minister's attitude the "orthodox Conservative" attitude, and his proposals a "miserable collection of tinkering trifles."

The Naval Talks

Meagre and reticent though all the reliable accounts of the naval conversations are, it looks as if every prospect of an agreement has vanished. The British compromise—that the right of Japan to equality should be conceded "in principle," while she should "spontaneously" announce a building programme falling short of equality—was duly referred to Tokio and rejected. Japan, we are told, may not in fact exercise her full "right" to equality, but in no way will she bind herself to build less. There

remained a possibility which interested the British Admiralty, that some agreement might be reached over qualitative limitation. But here too the answer is negative, though the British and Japanese admirals had seemed to be at one in desiring rather smaller ships and lower gun calibres. But the Japanese position appears to be that until full equality is conceded, *de facto* as well as *de jure*, they will not be parties to any limitation whatever. It is not easy to reconcile this uncompromising attitude with an article that the ex-premier, Admiral Saito, contributes to the *Christian Science Monitor*, so moderate in tone that one might almost call it pacifist. The explanation doubtless is that when the Japanese say they want all fleets, including their own, to be purely " defensive," they mean that the Japanese fleet shall be strong enough to serve as a screen behind which their army can dominate the Asiatic mainland, while the fleets of other Powers shall not be capable at a great distance from their bases of challenging the Japanese Monroe Doctrine.

Activities at Geneva

Business has begun again at Geneva—in a not very cheerful atmosphere. A special Assembly of the League is engaged in the attempt to end the foul and fatuous war in South America. The report of the committee of inquiry censures both the belligerents, and makes fair and practical recommendations for terms of peace and settlement, which the Assembly should adopt. Whether Bolivia and Paraguay will agree is far from certain. Each hugs its grievances and its " rights," and is encouraged by the unwillingness of Europe to put a complete embargo on the supply of arms to South America. The League Council should have been dealing with the Saar question on Wednesday ; but this has been postponed (for a few days only it is expected) at the request of Baron Aloisi, the chairman of the Plebiscite Committee. Another exceedingly awkward question will be thrust on the Council by Jugoslavia, who, with the backing of her partners in the Little Entente, has definitely decided to protest to the League against Hungary's conduct in harbouring Croat and Macedonian terrorists. It is not alleged that the Hungarian Government were actually privy to the murder of King Alexander ; but their complaisance to desperate refugees constitutes, according to the Jugoslavs, a " danger to peace " which may and should be taken cognisance of by the League. It is lamentable that matters should have come to this pass ; but it may be better in the circumstances to have the dispute thrashed out (and cleared up, if it can be cleared up) at Geneva, instead of being left to go on envenoming passions among a whole group of States in central Europe.

The Control of Arms

The meeting of the Bureau of the Disarmament Conference on Tuesday did not, of course, herald any progress towards a Convention. That for the present remains a pious aspiration. But the American proposals for the control of the manufacture of and the trade in arms have some practical importance. The gist of them is a strict system of licensing by all Governments, and supervision by a Permanent Disarmament Commission which would be set up by the League. This obviously falls far short of the measure of control which is wanted. It would not eliminate the private arms manufacturer, nor would it prevent any country from amassing all the materials of war that it desired. But it would be a step, if only a tiny one, in the right direction ; it would at least ensure a world-wide and valuable publicity. Yet even this seems likely to meet with resistance ; Italy has already given a plain hint of her opposition, and we may expect others, obsessed as nearly all are, by fear or ambition, to follow her lead. Discussions, taking the American draft as their text, will begin in the middle of January after the Saar plebiscite.

Reichswehr v. Brown Shirts

When in retrospect one asks why Hitler ran amok last June and massacred the chiefs of the Brown Army, the only intelligible answer is that Röhm and his friends had their plans for swallowing the Reichswehr. It was then about to be expanded to thrice the dimensions fixed at Versailles. Röhm claimed the many desirable posts that would be vacant for himself, his staff and his men. The professional army did not choose to be diluted in this way ; it would fill the higher posts by promotion from its active ranks, or from its reserves. This dispute, it seems, has broken out afresh. The new chief of the S.A., Lutze, consented indeed to a drastic purge, but urged that the purified remnant was all the fitter for incorporation in the regular army. The answer to this claim is the production of a report on recruiting by the War Minister, General Blomberg, which purports to show that the best cannon fodder comes from the Stahlhelm and the worst from the Brown Army (S.A.). The cream of the joke is that Socialists of the old Reichsbanner and Communists of the Red Front furnished better material than the S.A. The conclusion is, then, that a further and still more drastic purge is necessary. The balance of power in the Third Reich has swung permanently in favour of the professional army.

The American Outlook

While the new Congress is more radical than its predecessor, President Roosevelt is supposed to be moving in a more conservative direction—or at any rate Big Business believes he is, and that has for the moment much the same effect. It is expected that the President will go slow, with both industrial legislation and business reform, and that the coming unemployment insurance scheme will turn out to be rather a milk and water affair after all. The talk about the imminence of more inflation, involving a further depreciation of the dollar, has largely ceased ; and it is known that the Federal Reserve system has been giving financial help to the weaker countries in the " gold bloc." This, and the greater freedom now allowed for export of capital, have removed the fear of further currency depreciation in the near future ; and, now that the political campaign is over, the bankers and Big Business generally are more inclined to come to terms with the President, and he with them. There is therefore a lull in economic excitements across the Atlantic, and the Trade Unions, after their setback in the textile strike, are not in a position to take the offensive. This comparatively quiet outlook may be deceptive. The unemployment problem remains quite as serious as it was a year ago ; and there are likely to be fireworks when the new Congress gets to business. Not

till then shall we really know whether the President has moved decisively to the right, or is but temporarily marking time in the hope of tempting hoarded capital resources back into use.

Industrial Change and the Unemployed

The Ministry of Labour's annual count of the insured population always affords a valuable opportunity of measuring current changes in the distribution of industrial activity between industries and areas. We all know by this time that there has been since the war a pronounced southward movement of industry out of the older industrial districts; and the official figures give us a chance of measuring the extent of this movement. The latest return, for July of this year, shows that between 1927 and 1934 total employment of insured workers rose by 530,000 in the South and fell by 465,000 in the North and Wales. On the other hand there has been a relative improvement in these latter areas during the past two years in consequence of the revival in the metal industries under the influence of the tariff and of greater activity in the building trades; while the check to the expansion of the growing industries in the South has slowed down migration, or "transference," from the depressed areas. The rate of new entry to the insured trades has been decreased on account of the low birth rate of the war years just as it is now being speeded up by the post-war "bulge" in births. But on the other hand depression has also slowed down the rate of exit from the insured trades, by lessening opportunities for insured workers to start in business for themselves, and making them unwilling to move to uninsured occupations. Altogether, the new figures show how inadequate the expansion of new trades and areas has been to absorb the "surplus" of the depressed areas and declining occupations. We may have more workers in employment than we had in 1929; but we have also more, and more obstinate, unemployment.

Shorter Hours and the Shift System

The Government has decided to approach the Federation of British Industries and the Trades Union Congress on the question of reducing hours of labour. No general reduction over industry as a whole is proposed, but rather an approach to the problem in each separate trade. This was the Government's proposal when the question came up at Geneva a few months ago. There is an ominous note in the suggested basis for the discussion, in that reference is made not only to the possibility of shorter hours without reduction in wages, but also to the "sacrifices" employers and Trade Unionists may be prepared to make in order to bring about the change. Along these lines it is most unlikely that any progress will be made. The Trade Unions will certainly refuse to accept a shortening of hours at the price of lower wages; and in most trades the employers will protest their inability to shorten hours unless wages are reduced. The only likely outcome of the discussions is some further extension of the shift system, which has been slowly extending in recent years, partly with the aid of special permits from the Home Office under the Factory Acts. Probably some development on these lines is what the Government has mainly in mind in proposing the discussions; for in the light of the attitude it took up at Geneva no one can suspect it of intending to launch a movement for shorter hours on terms unacceptable to the employers, and it must know well enough that the Trade Unions will on no account consent to a downward revision of wage-rates.

Playgrounds and Parks

Speakers at the Public Health Congress in London on Tuesday discussed the importance of physical exercise and training, and stressed the urgent need of more playgrounds for the children. Colonel Campbell made the rather imaginative suggestion that if every motorist would contribute 1*s.* a year for the provision of playgrounds, it would amount to a revenue of £100,000 from that source alone. That all the drivers of the 2,000,000 motor vehicles in the country will rise to the idea seems unlikely. But whether they do or not, more money will be wanted, and more ought to be forthcoming from the public purse for this vital purpose. Mr. Coppock, the chairman of the L.C.C. Parks Committee, followed up this point—and made other good points, too. He wants more playing fields not only in the parks, but on every housing estate, and he would even have the Council provide expert instructors in games, since it is not the proper business of the elementary schoolmaster, he considers, to be a teacher of cricket and football and hockey. He favours also (and we may presumably take his words as meaning that the L.C.C. intends to act on them) a large extension of the amenities in the parks—more music, concerts and plays and pageants, and free seats for all. The trifling addition to the rates that all this would involve would be grudged, we fancy, only by the most skinflint of "savers."

Faster and Faster

It would be waste of time at this date to discuss whether there is really much advantage in being able to fly to Australia in seven days rather in ten. The human animal has decided to move as fast as it can, and if foreign air services offer quicker time we may be sure that Imperial Airways will be eager and able to meet the challenge. The question that arose out of Lord Londonderry's speech in the House of Lords was how much money the British taxpayer will think it worth while to spend on speeding up British air services. We agree with the Minister of Air that to buy a fleet of Douglas planes because the Melbourne race has shown that they have for the moment certain advantages over other types would be an unwarranted extravagance. Lord Londonderry was right, too, in pointing out that comfort and safety are worth more to the regular air-traveller than a few hours off the time schedule. The comparison with the United States is wholly misleading. In the U.S.A. petrol is 7*d.* a gallon, and there is a continuous land route with no political complications. Even so, the U.S.A. spends four to five millions a year on subsidising civil aviation. The problem of linking up the British Empire, and indeed the whole world, by air is much more difficult, and it cannot in the nature of things be satisfactorily solved while national rivalries impede science and common sense. The only solution is an international air service.

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THE INDIAN REPORT

THE Report of the Joint Committee on Indian Constitutional Reform adds one more to the long list of investigations into an intractable problem. The members of the Committee like their predecessors, the authors of the Simon Commission and Round Table Conference Reports and of the White Paper, have had to reckon with stubborn facts which condition the main lines of any scheme. Obviously they would take as their basis the Government proposals. The question was how far they would be influenced by a desire to meet the aspirations of Indian politicians on the one hand and by the fear of Conservative revolt on the other. The Report approved by the majority of the Committee has failed to please the ultra-conservatives, for Lord Salisbury and four others voted against its adoption. The Labour members did more than this, for they submitted an alternative draft. It is unlikely to be received with satisfaction by Indian politicians. How far moderate opinion in both countries will rally to it remains to be seen.

The Committee has accepted the main proposals of the White Paper, All India Federation with a degree of responsibility at the Centre, and Provincial Autonomy subject to the far-reaching powers of the Governor General and Provincial Governors. It has resisted the suggestion to postpone advance at the Centre until Provincial Autonomy has been tested, and has rejected proposals for reserving Law and Order and for diluting provincial ministries with an official element. On the other hand it is silent on Dominion Status, it has strengthened the power of the Governors, altered the composition of the legislatures in the Conservative direction and made it almost impossible for the force of Indian nationalism to make itself felt at Delhi.

The scheme provides for eleven Governors' provinces, for Burma is to be separated from India, while the North West Frontier, Sind and Orissa are added to the number. In all of these there will be Legislative Assemblies elected on an extended franchise. Nearly 35 million Indians, including 6 million women, are to have the vote. The Committee has been more favourable to women's suffrage than the Government, but the disproportion is still very great. Inevitably the Communal Award, as modified by the Poona Pact, has been accepted. Landholding, Commerce, Labour and Women receive special representation. In five provinces, Bombay, Bengal, Madras, Bihar and the United Provinces, second chambers designed to give extra weight to conservative interests are to be established. There are to be Ministries responsible over the whole field of administration to these legislatures. It is not clear whether there is to be joint responsibility, for the Committee realises its incompatibility with the direction to the Governor to choose his ministry so as to include members of various communities.

It will be seen that it is intended in the Provincial sphere to set up a parliamentary system on the British model, but at this point it is necessary to consider the position of the Governor. Through the Governor General he serves as the link between the Federation and the Province, and has therefore certain special responsibilities. He has to carry out the lawful commands of the Governor General and must safeguard the interests of the States. He is also charged with the duty of protecting the rights of minorities and the interests of the public services, but he has besides the responsibility of preventing any grave menace to the peace and tranquillity of his province. To carry out these duties he is given wide powers of disregarding the advice of his Ministers, passing Acts and Ordinances without the consent of the Legislature and of taking over the administration in the event of a breakdown. Where terrorism exists, he may even appoint an official in place of a Minister.

The Indian delegates took exception to this wide extension of his special responsibility. The reality of provincial self-government will depend on the extent to which these powers are exercised. It is possible that they may fall into desuetude and that the Governor may cease to be an active part of the Government. On the other hand there is a grave danger that their existence may make for irresponsibility or that their undue exercise may nullify the grant of self-government.

There is an exhaustive division of subjects into Federal, Provincial and Concurrent. At the Federal Centre there are to be two Chambers with equal powers. The Council of State will have 100 nominees of the Princes out of 260, while the bulk of the remainder will be indirectly elected by the Provincial Upper Houses or by electoral colleges on a narrow franchise. It will not be subject to dissolution, but one third of its members will retire triennially. The Federal Assembly will contain 125 States members, while the majority of the remainder will be elected by the Provincial Assemblies on a communal basis.

Indian opinion is hostile to indirect election, especially at the Centre, where it is feared that provincial particularism rather than national sentiment will be expressed, but the arguments in its favour in so populous a country as India are very strong. The Federal Legislature will clearly be a very conservative body.

These 635 legislators at Delhi will deal with a very restricted field. They will meet an Executive formed on the dyarchic plan. The Viceroy, assisted by Counsellors, will administer Defence, Foreign and Ecclesiastical Affairs, leaving only Finance, Post Office, Railway and some Board of Trade subjects to the Ministers, whose control is lessened by the creation of a Central Bank on the Threadneedle Street pattern and a Railway Board. The Viceroy will have his special responsibilities and powers and must also safeguard federal finance. It is hard to imagine this hybrid executive and this legislature, composed partly of elected persons and partly of the nominees of autocrats, developing into anything like a Parliament. Delhi will not be an Oriental Westminster. Yet this is the dream of most Indian politicians. The Committee is rather reticent on the working of this strange experiment. The Labour members in their proposals frankly recognise that the Westminster model is not applicable, and suggest a different approach to responsibility. It must be recognised that the problem of federating disparate units is extremely difficult, while the impossibility of transferring Defence to popular control is a serious complication not always sufficiently recognised in India.

I have no space to deal with anything but the main outline of the Report, though there are many important and controversial subjects, such as the provision for the Services, Indianisation, Commercial Discrimination, the Police, and the Judicature, which occupy many pages. Finance is dealt with on the lines of the White Paper with

some adjustments in the division of the proceeds of income tax. It may be noted that the Committee does not consider that the reforms will seriously add to the normal difficulties of Indian Finance Ministers. The new constitution for Burma follows the same general lines as that for India, but adapted to the needs of a unitary State. It is proposed to regulate the commercial relations between the two countries in the initial stages by a trade convention.

Before considering the Report as a whole, a word must be said on the alternative draft of the Labour members. They regard the problem as a dual one. It is necessary to satisfy as soon as possible the national aspirations of the Indian people, but at the same time to see that as far as possible the poorer sections of the community shall not be handed over to be exploited by the landlord and the capitalist. They would give to the workers and peasants the potentiality of using the vote to better their economic conditions though they recognise that it may be long before they will learn to do so. They wish therefore to see a clear recognition that the goal is Dominion Status and that the constitution must contain the means for its attainment. They would lay down a time limit for the transfer of Defence, give India control over her foreign policy and curtail the powers of the Governors. They desire unicameral legislatures, the abolition of special seats for vested interests, greater representation for women and Labour and provision for the extension of the franchise. They suggest a scheme for the Centre whereby there would be a steady transfer of power to the Federal representatives. They would mark the change of status of India by an alteration in the position of the Secretary of State.

To turn to the Committee's Report, it must be admitted that it proposes a big advance over the existing constitution. In the provincial sphere, which covers most of the everyday interests of the citizen, Indians will have a very full measure of self government. The Provincial Governments will be free from the superintendence, direction and control of the Central Government. The direct rule of the civil servant will cease. At the Centre the principle of responsibility is conceded, while the federating of the States with British India is a step forward in the creation of an All India policy.

The Report, however, fails to recognise adequately Indian national sentiment. Indian politicians lay great stress on status and on the formal admission of India's right to self determination. The Report at the conclusion of its exposition of principles states: " The time has come for Parliament to share its power with those whom for generations it has sought to train in the arts of Government." India's claim is for more than a share.

The Report does not indicate the way to further advance. It makes even the degree of responsibility to be granted at the Centre dependent on the adherence of a proportion of the Princes and on India's financial position. It appears to be more intent on the elaboration of safeguards than on endeavouring to harness to the machine of Government the vital force of the nation. This is emphasised by an extremely unwise proposal to disqualify as candidates for the legislatures all persons who have been sentenced to a year's imprisonment. This will exclude from active participation in working the constitution many of the most prominent leaders of Congress. The Committee clearly intends to rely on moderate and conservative elements, which are likely to prove a broken reed. This accounts for the strong conservative bias which is exhibited in the composition of the legislatures and for the entrenchment of vested interests. The Labour Party, which regards self government mainly as a means of freeing in India the forces which alone can deal with the evils of the social and economic system, will necessarily oppose the Report, but there seems no reason why Mr. Churchill and his friends should feel alarm, for the safeguards for the Services and for the British interests are very ample. It must be recognised that no scheme within the realms of the practical is likely to obtain the approval of Indian extreme nationalists, and the Report will be sure to evoke disapproval and criticism, even among moderates. The question is whether, if such a constitution is enacted, political India will be prepared to co-operate in working it as an instalment. The success of constitutions depends as much, if not more, on the way in which they are operated, as on their actual provisions.

Indian politicians would be well advised to consider the general position of democracy throughout the world and to appreciate the value of what is given as well as of what is withheld. They must recognise that at the present time they have to deal with a British Government which is conservative in all but name. On the other hand it may be hoped that the British people will appreciate the need for generosity and understanding and will give full value to the section of the Report which testifies to the reality of Indian political aspirations. The Committee which contained many members of great experience there, states: " The Indian problem cannot be understood unless the reality of these political aspirations is frankly recognised at the outset. . . . History has repeatedly shown the unwisdom of judging the political consciousness of a people by the standard of its least instructed class and the creation of the British Empire, as we know it to-day, has been mainly due to the fact that, for the last hundred and fifty years, British policy has been guided by a more generous appreciation of the value, and a juster estimate of the influence, of what is sometimes called a politically-minded class."

C. R. ATTLEE

HUNGER NO GUARANTEE FOR PEACE

[Discussions of the extent to which Germany is rearmed to-day commonly omit consideration of how far she is economically prepared. It was the blockade more than any other single factor that defeated Germany in 1918. The following article is an examination by a German economist of the food factors which must be in the minds of her new rulers.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

DURING the world war many nations were in need of food: but whereas in Allied countries the danger of famine was overcome, in Central Europe it was the chronic condition of existence during the war. In Germany famine could not be averted. It was true that a far greater proportion of the whole food supply had been produced in the fields and stables of Germany, Austria, and Bulgaria before the war than in the allied western countries as a whole. But importation to any considerable extent quickly became almost impossible, and the provisions gained by victory in Belgium, Rumania, and the Ukraine proved of no great help. Even the level of agrarian productivity reached before the war could not be maintained in a time in which the majority of working men and horses went to the fronts. Chemical manures could no longer be produced, because the factories made explosives and poisonous gases which contained the same nitrogen that before had served to fertilise the soil, and now destroyed the soil and

the men in the enemy's lands. Pigs were slaughtered in bulk, because they were man's competitors for the potato, the most precious starchy food Germany produced. Cattle had also to be slaughtered to cover the scarcity of meat in the armies' food. In the end it was hunger that beat the Germans.

The peace restored the possibility of importation of foodstuffs. But it took away large areas of Germany which had produced surpluses of food. Out of the stock of cattle, depleted heavily as it was through the ravages of war, Germany had to deliver, as reparation in kind, the best samples of her breeding cattle. And for a number of years the use of the then best known means of agrarian protectionism, tariffs, was forbidden by the Treaty of Versailles.

So the German people received instruction of the most drastic kind about the importance of a sufficient and undisturbed supply of food coming out of German territory itself, and not depending on uninterrupted importation, in time of war. Has this been forgotten? Obviously, in Germany there are strong forces at work which try to prepare her for a new war. Whether, and under what conditions, war will come must be conjectural. But continual playing with matches is likely some day to kindle the fire.

But is it possible that the immediate danger of repeated famine can be completely forgotten by these people? Even without any complementary theory about the minimum of sense needed to govern and rearm Germany, one may now safely assume that that measure of stupidity which is needed to forget all this cannot well be prevailing in Central Europe's leading circles. Closer inspection reveals indeed that, in comparison to 1914, the position of mass nourishment in Germany is showing now some hint of a change towards self-sufficiency—in time of peace. The bad results of the war, temporary in the exhaustion of soil as well as permanent in the loss of territory, are indeed being more than compensated by two main factors.

First, they have some reason to hope that war will not interfere in the same manner again with the working of agriculture. It will not take away so many horses for purposes of army transport, because the apparatus of warfare is now put upon horse-power instead of behind horse-legs. A great part of rural man-power can be supplied by machinery driven by liquid fuel no longer dependent on imports or by electricity, which, in the meantime, has reached the smallest and remotest village. Germany's chemical industry has been extended enormously in the last fifteen years. Its dimensions are now so big that in time of peace the factories cannot be occupied to the full. But war-time would certainly bring full work for them in making explosives, poisonous gases and liquid fuel; and the demand of agriculture for inorganic manures, now the backbone of this industry, would then become only an insignificant appendage of its huge warlike production; certainly it would not in any way endanger the other branches of chemical production in war-time. So a famine of fertilising minerals would not recur in a future war, unless German territory was occupied by the enemy.

Second, and most important, the productivity of nearly all phases of the agricultural productive processes has increased very much during these years. Scientific research has worked indefatigably in these directions, and a long and complicated, but very successful, series of political and administrative measures has served to bring all these advances in agrarian productivity within the range of practical application. Even new crops have been bred in this time—lupins free from poisonous alkaloids, and therefore fit to be fed to livestock in a raw state; a crossing of rye and wheat destined to be sown on soils unsuited to one of them; potatoes immune from cancer; fruit giving the maximum in crops and resistant to even the coldest winters, etc. But this tendency, which is characteristic of other countries as well as Germany, is not the decisive factor. The remarkable thing in that country is that the application of all these new means to enhance the rate of productivity of man, beast and soil has been made possible economically. For the great difficulty was the heavy indebtedness of the agricultural areas in Germany and the fact that nearly all the new technical devices touched, by the working of the law of diminishing returns, the margin of profitability, or even exceeded it.

So the improvement of prices was the first and most urgent problem to be solved for the agricultural producer, either by himself or by Government. He himself did something on the lines of standardisation of production and marketing by co-operative organisation (pigs, eggs, milk, butter, cheese, fruit), though the work achieved in this direction cannot be compared favourably with the co-operative work built up in the same time by, *e.g.*, Canadian wheat growers, Jamaican negro peasants, Nigerian cotton growers and Gold Coast cocoa producers. The merits of the work done in the field of rural co-operation in Germany are due, moreover, chiefly to the Government. More important still was the enhancement and stabilisation of prices of agricultural products. Here all measures—old ones like protective tariffs, newer ones like quotas for importation, and quite new ones like direct (cereals) or indirect (milk, butter) fixation of minimum prices by law—have served to bring about recently, in spite of the total slump of all agricultural prices in the world markets, a price level of agricultural produce that shifted the margin of profitability of production far back to soils which ten years ago had not been profitable in any measure. So the producing area could be extended through cultivation of large tracts of waste lands, and since the end of 1932 the proportion of the large estates and peasant properties which are not profitable, even if skilfully and thriftily administered, has diminished astonishingly. This effect has been reached at the same time by a large lowering of the cost account of the rural producers. Part of the cultivators' indebtedness has been struck off for the second time, the rate of interest for the remaining part of his debts has been lowered by law from 15–20 per cent. in 1929 to 4½–6 per cent. in 1934, and exemption of agriculture from part of the taxes, rebates on contributions to the cost of social insurance, and transference of the cost of all institutions particularly destined to serve rural purposes from the agricultural to the general taxpayer have halved this item of the overhead charges of an average agricultural enterprise. The result of all this is that now, in peace time, there is no longer on balance any need to import food. There is even a small but definite potential surplus for food exports.

Most of this has been achieved by the democratic Governments, for the purpose of giving full work and full subsistence to the agrarian population in Germany, which amounts to nearly a quarter of the whole. The Nazi Government has only put some finishing touches to this work, crossed some t's and dotted some i's, in the characteristic belief that her neighbours' misfortune is in itself Germany's profit. This view is natural to the war psychology which prevails among Germany's rulers still. In any case the fact that Germany since 1932 has become self-sufficient in food must be held in mind.

Of course the whole thing is a fallacy. It assumes that in modern war production and transport will go on undisturbed in a country, if by a sudden offensive the fighting is carried into the enemy countries. That they will be able to do this is, so it seems, a sort of natural right claimed by the German advocates of a new war to end war. But even on this basis it remains an unjustified assumption that production and transport in this case will not suffer. In order to believe this you must make further obviously unreal assumptions, *e.g.*, that Germany's aircraft will quickly destroy the railway centres in the enemies' countries, while her own railway system will prove immune from that danger. But the obvious fallacy of this belief does not prevent its proving a powerful instigation to war; and so, instead of helping to enhance the happiness of mankind, the mighty improvement of the productive power of man, beast and soil in German agriculture, this triumph of science and economic policy, may yet, in a diabolical manner, prove to be one of the greatest misfortunes that ever came to humanity. For fear of hunger no more pleads for peace.

A LONDON DIARY

I HAVE been asked why I said last week that the Labour Party was not ready for office. I meant that, having lost its prima donnas in 1931 and having very few members with Parliamentary experience, it needs another period of opposition before it can hope to be effective, even as a reformist Government. The best thing for the Labour Party would be to come back after the next election with a really substantial minority. It is personnel that is the trouble, not lack of plans. I do not believe any party ever worked harder in preparation for office. Its plans are well thought out.

* * *

The B.B.C. is a puzzling institution—the incalculable offspring of internal and external strains and stresses of which the general public is almost wholly ignorant. The staff includes brilliant, alert and enterprising men and women, frequently stultified by bureaucratic caution and official and unofficial interference from every quarter. One week we are confronted with a piece of silly timidity like the rejection of Professor Haldane's Talk—a ban against which I'm glad to see a long list of Cambridge scientists have joined in protest. The next we are offered an original and illuminating broadcast like the half hour about herrings last Saturday night. Such a broadcast means months of preparation. About a dozen people took part—captains of the Lowestoft fishing fleet, scientists from the Government laboratories, fish-girls from Donegal and from Scotland. They were not all good broadcasters—they had had very little time for joint rehearsal. But one got in this half-hour a real insight into the industry. One learned that science could now prophesy with a remarkable degree of accuracy just where and when the herrings would arrive, how large the catch would be, and how big the individual fish. One heard the boats launched and got a notion of the terrific conditions under which the fish are caught. The auction on the quay side, the discussion between the captains and the dialogue in the fishmonger's shop were the simplest and most dramatic way of showing how the work of science was being stultified by the existing price mechanism. Most of the fish caught were thrown back into the sea, much of the catch was sold for manure and the comparatively small part that got to the retail market was sold at a price which was too high for poor people. An official spokesman explained the efforts of the Ministry to save the industry—efforts that within the limits imposed on it were sensible and even courageous. The whole broadcast made me (1) want to eat more herrings and (2) hate a silly economic system which frustrates the work of science, fails to recompense brave men whose traditional skill no longer suffices to bring them a living, and keeps an excellent article of food from people who need it.

* * *

Recently Gerald Barry, in the *News Chronicle*, aired a proposal for an Arms Marketing Board. The idea produced an interesting batch of letters. Philip Noel Baker endorsed the suggestion; so did Colonel Carnegie and Major Nathan. Jonathan Griffin, of *Essential News*, on the other hand, condemned it out of hand. His chief fear seemed to be that a Marketing Board would be "nobbled" by the armament interests and the last state of affairs be worse than the first. Gerald Barry's proposal was for a body *à la* Central Electricity Board to act as a bottleneck between the producer and the ultimate consumer. All buying and selling from and by British firms would have to pass through the Board's hands, whether for the home or export markets. The advantages of the scheme would be that it would avoid the difficulty of defining armament manufactures, would arouse far less opposition than full control of manufacture, and so would make a first step forward that could be taken with a minimum of delay. One obvious criticism is that the Board would be in danger of just the same faults as the present official licensing system. The one thing absolutely essential if the scheme were to work effectively would be a stipulation for the fullest publicity. The thing seems worth exploring further.

Speaking at the big Arms Traffic meeting on Tuesday night, M. Pierre Cot, Minister of Air in four successive French Governments, referred to a French Government inquiry into the cost of abolishing the private trade in arms. He said that the very conservatively minded Treasury officials had answered that it would cost the taxpayer nothing at all, because of the difference between the low price which the State would pay for its arms if it made them itself and the monstrous price it paid to the private firms for the same articles.

* * *

It's certainly absurd not to be allowed to hoot in a fog and aggravating to know when you are driving in total darkness that the road is lined with beacons that no one can set fire to. It is true too that Belisha Beacons are not very effective by day because there are too many of them. Traffic would scarcely move at all if it stopped for every passenger crossing, as it certainly should. But for all these and other criticisms, I remain solidly pro-Belisha, and I have a suggestion that I hope the Minister will adopt. His merit is that he does try out sensible suggestions. It should at once be laid down (*a*) that all headlights should be slightly dipped and that no strong light should be permitted to shine above the level of the bonnet, (*b*) that the off side headlight should always have a separate switch and be turned off when meeting another car, (*c*) that the near side headlight should always be dipped and so directed that it shines for about thirty yards ahead on to the kerb. Manufacturers might kick at first and many motorists would dislike the expense of having to alter their existing lighting arrangements. But once the change had been introduced everyone would welcome it. The elaborate lighting arrangements and terrific headlights now adopted by the owners of expensive cars are unnecessary and dangerous. It is quite astonishing how much this simple lighting arrangement I've suggested reduces strain and risk—risk not only to the motorist, but to the cyclist and pedestrian, who are often very difficult to see when they cling close to the kerb on a dark night. If this arrangement became universal, the name of Belisha would soon be trumpeted about with a note of reverence in it which is now too often lacking.

* * *

The *Daily Express* war pictures at Dorland Hall are quite devastating in their massed effect, and I hope they will help the peace campaign that Lord Beaverbrook is so anxious to discredit. To anyone who was actually in the war they can hardly fail to act as a powerful reminder, but then such people don't need reminding. It is the people who haven't been through a war who need to be convinced, and of the effect of these pictures on them I do not feel too certain. Everyone must be shocked by them, but what is the reaction after the shock? Some young people whom I have talked to about them say that, while horrified by the pictures, they find that they appeal to something heroic in them. I have known boys and young men admit to a similar feeling at the Cenotaph ceremony. "It inspires in us something like a spirit of emulation" is the gist of what they say. "If they could go through this, so could we." It is a good thing to let people know what war is like, but not the least good thinking you will stop it by appealing to fear. Peace can only be won by a constructive effort—by giving young people an adventure into which they can throw their energies, which creates instead of destroying.

* * *

I take the following from the *Morning Post*:

> There must be hundreds of thousands who bear the name of the Patron Saint of England; and did anyone ever meet a George who was not an admirable fellow? They are the kindly, good-natured sort; with the noble army of Georges one rarely has to bother about a surname. One may not be lucky enough to have been born a George, but on this cheerful occasion there is no necessity to proceed by ceremony and birth certificates—Bills and Jacks and Toms, and even quite polysyllabic persons, are allowed to contribute.

I have always felt that "Critic" was an undistinguished pseudonym. But the Editor forbids me to sign *George*. CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of this column goes this week to Mr. C. C. Chivers.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

The combined efforts of half a dozen of the greatest politicians and business men in England cannot do more for the prestige of this country than our football team can do to-day.—*Daily Mirror.*

Our Frontiers, bounded by the merciful sea, have, in His Goodness, been laid down by Almighty God, and they will remain fixed, immutable and inviolate, please the Lord! until the end of Time. —Article in *Sunday Pictorial.*

It looks like the finest embossed gold leather and is an exact copy of a Persian bible 2,000 years old. One of these, which would make a most charming Christmas present, contains talc, face powder, eau de Cologne, and a large bath tablet.—Jane Gordon in *News Chronicle.*

Christlike, tactful gentlewoman sought in home of an active 88-year-old British Israelite.—*The Friend.*

It is futile to hope that the Congress members are entering the Legislature for other than political ends, but the significant thing is that they are entering.—*Times.*

In spite of weighty evidence to the contrary, Dr. Duncan believes that Titus was circumcised.—*Times Literary Supplement.*

Mr. Rowland, defending, submitted that the Highway Code enjoined motorists to stop or slow down for sheep or cattle, but a body of men could not come under this category.—*News Chronicle.*

1,000 women on the doorstep. 2,000 customers in 350 houses (average price £1,000 each) within half a mile—a new arrival every week. Excellent opportunity for chemist to serve this virgin market.—*Pharmaceutical Journal.*

It is recorded that there are only 75 Great Auk's eggs in existence. Great Britain owns 44, the United States 14, France 7, Germany 5, and Holland 2, while Denmark, Portugal, and Switzerland own one each. It is gratifying to note that the six eggs sold yesterday were all acquired by British collectors.—*Times.*

I shudder to think what might happen in these countries were each State to be provided with its own armament factories, or, alternatively, left to wage war with the clumsy and brutal weapons of their forefathers.—Letter in *Times.*

In his speech at the *Sunday Times* Book Club yesterday Sir Austen Chamberlain maintained the old tradition that English statesmen are at their best when they talk about books.—*Daily Telegraph.*

GOOD NEWS

AN eminent psychologist is reported to have said the other day that "in the last 25 years more has been learned about the workings of the human mind than in the previous 2,000." This is certainly an age in which good news comes romping in almost by every post. There was never a generation like ours through all history. Alfred Russell Wallace once called the nineteenth century the "wonderful century." Compared with the leaps and bounds forward that the twentieth century has made in almost every sphere, however, the efforts of the nineteenth century seem petty, crawling affairs. Have we not perfected the aeroplane, the motor car, the speedboat, wireless? Have we not discovered relativity and vitamins? And have we not now, after two thousand years of groping in the darkness, at last fixed a searchlight on the workings of the human mind?

In the circumstances it is a little difficult to understand why there are so many pessimists about. Here we are, not the heirs of knowledge so much as the *nouveaux riches* of knowledge beyond the dreams of Dr. Faustus, and yet we go about with long faces as though we had been born into one of the most dreadful ages of history. There are some people whose jaws will drop when they pass through the gates of Paradise: they will not recognise Paradise when they see it. Why is it that no leader of opinion organises what we nowadays call a crusade to impress upon us the fact of our unprecedented good fortune?

The eminent psychologist has done his best, but I should like to see a great publicist like Lord Beaverbrook proclaiming daily from close upon two million front pages that "We are the people. In comparison with men like us, our ancestors were ignorant savages. We know more than anybody who ever lived and we know that we know it. We are the people." It may be, however, that it is not lack of faith in our own surpassing knowledge that is to blame for our pessimism. After all, there are more people who know that they know living to-day than in any previous century. Towards the end of the last century a wave of agnosticism swept through the intellectual classes, and it seemed probable that a time was approaching when nobody with a first-class mind would be conceivable who knew that he knew. There is something in agnosticism, however, that is repugnant, if not to the human mind, to the human temper. The ordinary human being, like the ordinary betting man, is on the look-out for "certainties." He knows at the back of his mind that "certainties" have often proved dismal disappointments both in ordinary life and on the racecourse, but he hides this knowledge from himself rather than give up his craving for certainty. Hence, instead of being a generation of agnostics, we have turned out to be a generation of dogmatists as convinced of our own rightness as any flat-earther who ever lived.

Dogmatic theology may have waned, but its place has been taken by dogmatic economics, dogmatic politics and dogmatic psychology. Who has ever talked with a Communist and failed to realise that this present age is not an age of doubt, but an age of faith? In regard to the way in which he holds his faith, the Communist is simply a Plymouth Brother who has wandered from a conventicle into a "cell." He sees everything that is happening in the world with the terrible lucidity of certainty. He knows why everything has happened as it has, because it can all be explained by Karl Marx. I have a great respect for the sincerity of Communists, but I sometimes wish that they would occasionally admit that they, being human, may possibly be wrong. I know that no one can do very much unless he is convinced that he is right, and that in fairly recent times a great political party was wrecked on Mr. Balfour's open mind. At the same time, it is no bad thing for a dogmatist to consider, if only for a moment, the possibility that he may be mistaken. To do so enables a man who knows that he knows to come to terms with another man who knows that he knows, when both men know entirely opposite things.

And after all, the Fascist also knows that he knows, and knows it with the same certainty as the Communist. The Nazi, too, knows that he knows: at least he knew that he knew till quite recently, though the pressure of events may be making him begin to wonder whether he knew as much as he knew he did. The fact remains, however, that the spread of knowledge —especially of the knowledge of one's own knowledge—has been one of the most conspicuous phenomena of our time. One of the most curious results of this has been that the men who know that they have done their utmost to prevent other people from knowing anything else. Newspapers are rigorously censored, not only in the matter of opinions, but in the matter of facts. Any fact that seems likely to cast doubt on the omniscience of the man who knows that he knows is suppressed as an enemy of the truth. Churches have been mocked in the past for attempting to conceal the fact that the earth revolves round the sun and that, according to the discoveries of certain men of science, man has slowly evolved from simpler forms of life. I

doubt, however, whether the censorship of facts was ever more rigid under the dogmatic theologians than it is under the dogmatic politicians and economists to-day. In each case, the first consideration has been to prevent the spread of knowledge that might undermine certainty.

I sometimes wonder whether it would not have been better if dogmatism had survived in theology and confined itself to it instead of gradually escaping from it and making itself a home in spheres in which it could do so much damage. It is a very odd thing to see churchmen becoming more and more open-minded, while everybody else is becoming more narrow-mindedly orthodox. The Church, it seems to me, is one of the few places in which a man has a right to be dogmatic. It claims that its knowledge comes from an infallible super-human source, not from a fallible human source, and, believing this, it should hold its faith dogmatically. In politics, economics and psychology, however, we know that our knowledge comes from a fallible human source, and that therefore it is possibly as incomplete, and as misleading in its incompleteness, as the knowledge of our fathers. In the exact sciences we can support our statements with absolute proofs, but in economics or psychology, much as we know, our beliefs must be largely conjectural. I doubt, for example, whether we really know much more about the workings of the human mind than our ancestors did. We have made more and different conjectures about the human mind, and a later generation may scrap them or, at least, modify them beyond recognition. Our knowledge even of that much more easily known thing, the human body, is still tragically limited, so that eminent men in Harley Street, who know all that there is to be known about the human body, still make extraordinary mistakes in their treatment of an individual human body.

As for the workings of the human mind, we can invent experimental formulae about them more easily than we can be certain about them. We can know a great deal, but the craze for certainty may easily mislead us into believing that we know far more than we really do know. The more we know about the workings of the human mind, it sometimes seems to me, the less we know about them. What, for example, has been the influence of psychological formulae on biography? It has in many cases merely dressed up great men as formulae and stripped them both of their humanity and their greatness. Psychology explains great men till it has almost explained them away. The eminent phychologist whom I have quoted tells us that psychology has abolished God; but the psychological biographers do not even leave us our demigods.

Hence, much as the psychologists know, I should be chary of accepting them as infallible, or all but infallible, guides, through the mazes of the human mind. Might not some of their formulae be compared to Belisha beacons set up to assist the traffic in a world of eternal fog? What the world needs, perhaps, is a little agnosticism to temper the certainties of the secular knowledge of to-day. We may be right or we may be wrong; but it is much more certain that we have theories than that we have knowledge. If Socrates were alive to-day and a student of psychology, I imagine that he would confess to almost as spacious an ignorance as that in which he so modestly gloried more than 2,000 years ago. Y. Y.

CONSTITUTION AND IDIOSYNCRASY

or The Physical Basis of Individuality

"MAY I fill your glass?" I asked my host, who had placed a bottle of Bass before me. "No, I'll have a drop of stout. Dr. Chappell put me on to it. When I lived up North, stout used to upset me; whereas a glass of beer nearly always made the wheels go round. Chappell explained to me that it was a matter of latitude. He said I should find that, whilst beer agreed with me, and stout disagreed, when north of the Thames, the exact opposite would hold good south of that river; and, by Jove, he was right. He must have formed a pretty good picture of my constitution." Chappell is an old friend of mine, so I said nothing that might betray scepticism as to the scientific foundation of this bit of benevolent bunk.

Medical "science" has for a long time been more concerned about the study of disease than about the relieving of sick individuals. This latter task has, for the most part, been left to the day-labourers of medicine. The discovery of the important part played by specific germs in the causation of a number of common disorders diverted interest from the reactions of the individual to external influences. "Diseases" once more came to be looked upon—much as primitive folk looked at them—as so many demoniac entities, to be excluded or exorcised.

The financial success of the old-time family doctor depended very largely on his capacity for convincing his patients that he understood their several constitutions. Is this belief in the variability of "constitution" a mere survival of mediaeval superstition, or is it founded on demonstrable realities? We know that our minds and our emotions differ enormously both in quantity and in kind. We know, also, that there are small but obvious physical differences between the thousand million of us, or whatever the number is, sufficient to enable each individual to be distinguished from all the others. *Prima facie*, it would seem likely that parallel microscopic and chemical differences exist among the physical infinitesimals of which our bodies are made up. Bio-chemical research has proved the correctness of this pre-supposition; and it seems clear that our chemical differences are as definite as are our differences of physiognomy and of emotion.

When St. Paul told the Corinthians that "all flesh is not the same flesh"—the flesh of men, the flesh of beasts, the flesh of fishes, and the flesh of birds, being all different—he anticipated some of the latest researches into the nature of proteins. We have become so used to look upon the important factors of disease as external to ourselves that the contribution of the individual is apt to be underestimated. Much of the criticism levelled at orthodox medicine is thus explicable. Generalisations about man's reactions are as fallible in the world of physiology as in the worlds of morals and of aesthetics. A writer in the *Edinburgh Review*, over a century ago, referred to the fact that "among men of the same race and the same habits, one is poisoned by eggs, and the other by honey, almonds, or cheese; another finds an antidote to dyspepsy in plum-pudding or mince-pie, and at the same time suffers from bread as from a poison." It was not a bad definition which Berkeley gave of the human constitution, when he described it as "something in the idiosyncrasy of the patient that puzzles the physician."

The few beautiful acres of the earth's surface of which a queer social convention enables me to call myself the free-holder, were bought by me from a distinguished and philosophic-minded surgeon, Mr. Jonathan Hutchinson. More than half a century ago, Hutchinson delivered, in the theatre of the Royal College of Surgeons, a course of six lectures on "Temperament, Idiosyncrasy and Diathesis." He was a man with a "scientific imagination"—that is to say, he possessed the faculty of forming intelligible pictures incorporating the established facts of science. Uninterpreted facts seemed to Hutchinson as the mere bricks and nails of architecture. He expressed his contempt for physicians who had acquired "the easy-going habit of regarding all persons alike, and recognising differences only in their diseases." He compared such practice with that of a farmer (and Hutchinson was a bit of a farmer himself) concerned only with the quality of his seed, taking no account of the peculiarities or the previous usage of his soil.

> It is much the same with us in the diagnosis and treatment of disease. In addition to the primary or exciting cause, which is of a paramount importance, we have various others which may perhaps be conveniently classed together under the term contributory, since they contribute to control and modify final results. Among these temperament—the original vital endowment of the individual—is unquestionably a real force, and one which we would most gladly

recognise and estimate if we could. Any scepticism which I have expressed applies not to the reality of the thing, but to our ability to discriminate it.

The theory of evolution depends on the assumption of individual differences of varying survival utility. The potentialities of no two individuals are identical. This is as true in disease as in health. As Sir Archibald Garrod put it, "The constitution of a patient plays a very important part in *shaping* the diseases from which he suffers." The tubercle bacillus as found in one individual cannot, by the most expert microscopist, be distinguished from the tubercle bacillus found in another; yet no two cases of tubercular infection are truly alike. The reaction of the individual is at least as important an element in the resultant phenomena of illness as is the nature of the hostile invader. A distinguished surgeon, addressing the British Medical Association on "Bad Surgical Risks," recently drew attention to many idiosyncrasies that at first sight might seem irrelevant to his subject: "It would be difficult," he said, "to controvert the accepted view that members of the Jewish faith are notoriously bad surgical risks; and in the case of operations on Jews the simplest measures are to be preferred: safety must be put before thoroughness and the highest efficiency." The speaker went on to advise his hearers to refrain from any avoidable operation on those who require much persuasion or over-persuasion. "Beware of the apprehensive patient," he said; "the man with the rapid pulse and the stack of French novels around him. An eventful recovery, or worse, may be confidently predicted for those who change their religion the night before an operation; and for the politician or potentate who keeps the theatre waiting while the final lines of his autobiography are completed. . . . Clergymen, doctors, nurses, actors, and those of an artistic temperament are poor surgical risks; and garrulous loquacity, pre-operative or post-operative, is a danger signal that should not pass unnoticed: it so often heralds surgical disaster." So closely interrelated are emotional states and bio-chemical processes.

A very interesting and thought-stimulating book, as intelligible to the layman as to the doctor, has lately been written by Mr. T. E. Hammond,* a surgeon attached to the Cardiff Infirmary. The author is sceptical as to the reality of the commonly boasted improvement in the healthiness of civilised mankind. He agrees that, on an average, we live longer than did our ancestors; but he points out as significant that, "where there was one chemist's shop at the end of the last century, there are three to-day." He allows that, for most people, living is more comfortable than it has ever been; but he alleges that, "if all the disease now described in the text-books could be removed by a wave of a wand, doctors would still be left with 80 per cent. of their patients. For their ill-health is due not so much to any known disease as to the failure of the constitution to adapt itself to the life led." Mr. Hammond has written not a profound, but a useful and very readable book. I advise everyone interested in the problem of the personal element in illness to buy it and to read it.

In our complacency, we are inclined to dwell on the wonderful capacity that man has displayed in adapting himself and his bodily and mental organisation to the circumstances which environ him. Have we fully realised the pace at which developments have been taking place in the environmental circumstances themselves? Human ingenuity has, in cruder matters—such as housing, heating, clothing and cooking—introduced "aids to living," the importance of which is obvious. But, subtle and sinister rivals for world supremacy—the unicellular organisms—have also been changing to meet the new conditions. The race will be won by the species which is most swift in deliberate or spontaneous adaptation to the development of cosmic circumstance. The end of this race is not yet within the reach of confident prophecy.

HARRY ROBERTS

* *The Constitution and Its Reaction in Health.* By T. E. Hammond. Lewis. 7*s.* 6*d.*

Correspondence

THE STALIN-WELLS CONTROVERSY

SIR,—Mr. Shaw asks whether I am going to leave it like that. The answer is that I leave *him* like that—gesticulating triumphantly though, I suspect, with secret misgivings. He can have all the glory of saying that I "trotted" into the Kremlin while, by implication, he and Lady Astor, with the utmost grace, strode, swam, stalked, danced, slid, skated or loped in, and conversed in some superior imperial fashion of which no record survives. He can have it too that his burlesque of my conversation with Stalin was the real conversation. There stands the official report. That sort of thing I am going to leave to his heart's content. How can it matter to anyone but Shaw?

Nor do I see any profit in enlarging now upon the complications of fantasy, the childish search for concrete tests and obscurely relevant instances, in which your Marxist correspondents and Shaw, who is (for the purposes of his anti-Wells complex) a temporary Marxist, seek to veil the bare absurdity of the class war interpretation of the current revolution in human affairs. It remains an exposed absurdity—which could be neglected altogether if it did not get in the way of creative effort.

47 Chiltern Court, Clarence Gate, N.W.1. H. G. WELLS

SIR,—Dora Russell asks "why cannot we adopt a new economic policy drawn up by Mr. Keynes to-morrow, if nobody is exerting power to prevent it?" Because I have not yet succeeded in convincing either the expert or the ordinary man that I am right. If I am wrong, this will prove to have been fortunate. If, however, I am right, it is, I feel certain, only a matter of time before I convince both; and when both are convinced, economic policy will, with the usual time-lag, follow suit.

This is the essential point. Are changes for the better prevented by wicked men who know the changes to be advisable but resist them out of self-interest? Or are they prevented by the difficulty of knowing for certain where wisdom lies? The class-war faction believe that it is well known what ought to be done; that we are divided between the poor and good who would like to do it, and the rich and wicked who, for reasons of self-interest, wish to prevent it; that the wicked have power; and that a revolution is required to depose them from their seats. I view the matter otherwise. I think it extremely difficult to know what ought to be done; and extremely difficult for those who know (or think they know) to persuade others that they are right; though theories, which are difficult and obscure when they are new and undigested, grow easier by the mere passage of time.

I suspect that Bernard Shaw's preference for tyrants is mainly due to his being impressed with the difficulties of persuasion. It is easier to persuade a tyrant to adopt one's policy than to persuade the democracy. I agree with him. But it is not self-interest which makes the democracy difficult to persuade.

In this country henceforward power will normally reside with the Left. The Labour Party will always have a majority, except when something has happened to raise a doubt in the minds of reasonable and distinterested persons whether the Labour Party are in the right. If, and when, and in so far as, they are able to persuade reasonable and disinterested persons that they are right, the power of self-interested capitalists to stand in their way is negligible. J. M. KEYNES

SIR,—Was Shaw's remark "the most scientific man is he who comes out right oftenest" a personal gibe at Keynes? I can't help wondering. For no one is so wrongly right or rightly wrong as Keynes.

"The economic problem is not too difficult to solve. If you will leave it to me, I will look after it," he says. Of course we know that the economic problem can be solved, and that Keynes can do it. But why is the problem not left to him? Why is it that Keynes and the people like him, who could patch up our old economic machine in the twinkling of an eye, are perpetually prevented from doing anything useful, and have only the freedom to croak their prophecies of impending doom? Why is it that Keynes may make a private fortune any time he wants, but is quite unable to do two-pennyworth of public good? Is there not something profoundly wrong with the academic rightness of our modern Cassandra? Or why does it never produce any effect? PATRICK SLATER

51 Russell Square, W.C.1.

SHAW ON STALIN

SIR,—G.B.S. the satirist may infringe good manners, but he is so much more amusing than G.B.S. the serious apologist for Stalin that I hope he will not allow anything so un-Shavian as dignity to betray him again into such solemn statements as that Stalin is "subject to dismissal at five minutes' notice." Has Shaw not read Trotsky's *My Life*, or any of the mass of evidence to prove that Stalin, like any other autocrat, owes his position to his capacity for using "the bloodless guillotine" against all opponents?

Can anyone be so naive as to imagine that a Communist revolution transforms normal human relations, and ends for ever those nasty urgings of the depraved human heart—pride, ambition, jealousy, fear and hate, which are so powerful in the capitalist world?

Even Shaw and Wells can be a little "nasty" over a passing dispute. How much more may not Stalin be expected to use, as he has used, all the power of political organisation and the control of patronage to destroy every opposition to his personal dictatorship? His survival proves his capacity (as well as his ruthlessness), and he may well succeed in leading Russia out of poverty into plenty. Posterity (like Shaw) will forget the fate of Trotsky and most of Lenin's colleagues, and the once-famous "Lenin and Trotsky" will be replaced by "Lenin and Stalin," two Buddhas without human weakness—the icons of Socialism in Russia.

MAX DAVISON

96 Littleheath Road, Selsdon, Surrey.

DRAGON'S TEETH

SIR,—In your issue of 17th inst. the writer of "Comments" says: "General Smuts said some wise things in his speech at the Savoy Hotel last Monday. Europe, as he observed, is obsessed by fear and inferiority complexes, and a magnanimous policy is wanted to deal with them. It is a pity it was not applied, not merely a year or two ago before the advent of Hitlerism, but at the Peace Conference in 1919 when the Allied Statesmen—and not least General Smuts himself—were sowing the dragon's teeth."

Surely he must have forgotten the magnificent lead which General Smuts gave to Europe in the manifesto which he issued on the very day of his signing the Versailles Treaty? I am sorry that I cannot send you a copy of it. I referred to it in a talk I had with Herr Hitler in May, 1933, and promised to send him, which I did on my return, my only remaining copy. The document, I said, was truly prophetic and had its suggestions and recommendations been carried out we would never have seen the present chaos in Central Europe.

D. M. STEVENSON

Glasgow.

[We readily agree that in regard to European affairs General Smuts has been among the most enlightened of the allied statesmen. In referring to his share in sowing the dragon's teeth we had in mind his famous memorandum recommending that war pensions could legitimately be included in reparations.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

ARMAMENTS

SIR,—If Mr. Kellett reads the Opposition motion on November 8th, urging the State production of arms, he will find that Major Attlee apparently accepts the following propositions:

(1) That the manufacture of arms is wrong, and to make a profit out of it is to make a profit by breaking the Sixth Commandment;

(2) that the private manufacture of arms should therefore be prohibited;

(3) that the State production of arms should be promoted.

It is not easy to see how the Labour Party can abandon the third proposition as long as they believe in collective security for what is perhaps euphemistically known as "policing" purposes, but one does not require the dialectical skill of a Sir John Simon or a Mr. Kellett to see the absurdity of accepting all three.

Major Attlee assumed (without proof) that the State would not make a profit out of the manufacture of arms. Sir John Simon, in effect, replied that to break the Sixth Commandment, whether for profit or not, must always be a serious matter.

JOHN BURNS

The Inner Temple.

G.B.S. AND WILLIAM MORRIS

SIR,—I hope, in spite of Lord Olivier's repudiations, you will allow me to claim a little space in your crowded columns in order that I may reply, as briefly as possible, to his attack on a letter from me which you published on November 10th.

In the first place I protest that anyone could for one moment conclude that I questioned the veracity or greatness of either Mr. Bernard Shaw or of William Morris; the latter has always for me been something of a hero, and as for G.B.S., as everyone knows, he stands in a class by himself. I merely attempted to point out that if William Morris damned the Capitalist, he also, on his own showing, damned not less emphatically the works of Karl Marx—that dull and wooden idol of the narrower-minded Communist. Further, the book from which I quoted is prefaced with an introduction by his daughter, Miss May Morris.

Again, the only deduction I can draw from Lord Olivier's statement that from my letter "it might be inferred that the late Mr. William Morris had been an obscure worthy, etc.," is that unless a man is an advocate of cruelty and violence he cannot, at any rate by Lord Olivier, be considered "great."

Freshwater Bay, Isle of Wight.

BEATRICE O'CONOR

FINANCIERS AND THE NATION

SIR,—Your reviewer of my book *The Financiers and the Nation* is evidently a supporter of the crazy proposal that a Labour-Socialist Government should begin operations by taking over the business of providing (or withholding) short-term loans to private enterprise businesses.

Every Socialist, I take it, does his utmost to extend the area of public enterprises and desires to see these enterprises State financed. But that the State should take over the accountancy side of what private commercial ventures remain, and should wantonly run the political and financial risks of such a policy, is a proposition which has only to be succinctly stated to be repudiated by a vast mass of Socialists in this country. I do not myself go as far as Miss Ellen Wilkinson does in her study of Fascism, when she suggests that this priority monkeying with the Joint Stock Banks and the Acceptance Houses is liable to create such a situation as would prevent the socialisation of anything whatsoever. But there is, I am glad to say, a growing uneasiness at the facile way in which these ill-considered futilities are being allowed to handicap the Socialist approach to Power.

It is no use your reviewer saying that I fail to appreciate the evil results which may flow from the private Acceptance business, or that I have forgotten how the Acceptance Houses were partly responsible for the crisis of 1929. In point of fact I was the first man during the crisis of 1931 to trail out and publicly expose the facts. I have kept at the exposure ever since and your reviewer might turn for clear evidence of this to pp. 118-121 in the book he reviewed.

But for so long and to the extent to which trade is carried on by private individuals for profit, the bookkeeping and guarantee functions which the Exchange and Discount Houses perform for that private trade had better remain a private responsibility. As and when the State acquires an industry it will provide directly the finance for it; as it creates an Import or Export Board so it will provide for the financing of such a Board. If the Financiers sabotage they must be dealt with—and firmly. But there is no sense in egging on a Labour-Socialist Government to take over the bookkeeping machinery of private enterprise business—a machinery which for its own purposes the State does not require and which, if taken over, would only land the government in a sea of trouble.

"Monteviot," Kirkintilloch.

THOMAS JOHNSTON

[Our reviewer replies: "I gather that Mr. Johnston regards Joint Stock Banking as 'accountancy' work, and the 'Exchange (*sic*) and Discount houses' as 'book-keeping and guarantee' work. This confirms me in my impression that Mr. Johnston does not really know what goes on in the City."—Ed. *N.S. & N.*]

TIME AND THE UNCONSCIOUS

SIR,—"Critic" in the last item of his London Diary in your issue of the 17th inst. provocatively cites his subconsciously automatic waking in the morning, in spite of his having been to the trouble of having made arrangements with the telephone exchange to bring even his winter slumbers abruptly to an end. As he says, this is not an uncommon experience. It is the most universally evidenced of the phenomena by which the subconscious—so primitively constituted—has adapted itself to our more of less arbitrary divisions of time.

"Critic's" unconscious, being two or three minutes late, as against the exchange's being three minutes after the prescribed moment, tallies with the experience of a number of my friends, as well as with my own. A still more reliable weakener would put the subconscious completely off its guard, unless the whole inner machine, conscious and unconscious, had suffered a serious artificial disturbance, such as the process of having "dined" too well.

"Critic," and those of his readers who have not been introduced to the phenomena claimed to have been laid bare by experiments in the calculation of time involved in post-hypnotic suggestion, may be referred to successful results recorded in *Human Personality*, by Frederick W. H. Myers (2 vols., Longman's, 1903). In Vol. I, the records are contained, in pages 502-10, being extracts from a paper by Dr. J. M. Bramwell called *Personally Observed Hypnotic Phenomena*, added to by some reprinted from the summer number, 1900, of the Journal, *Brain*. Dr. Bramwell's paper is fully published in the Proceedings S.P.R. for 1896, Vol. XII, pp. 176-203. In these extracts the experiments recorded encompass highly involved "time instructions" which regulated involuntary sleeping and waking at the expiry of an odd number of minutes —in excess, for instance, of 11,000—and also of prescribed conduct at a certain exact expiry of time. This required calculations so arithmetically elaborate that the patient was fully successful only when unconscious of doing them, and unreliable consciously to work out the results. The latter records are in page 508 of *Human Personality*, Vol. I., under Experiments 50-52.

The reliability of evidence and of the recording of it would appear, naturally, to be a "snag," since obviously we all find "compensation" for our inferior "hurts" in being the centre of such a sensation as the elucidation of the mysterious.

Perhaps many of your readers share with me the unconscious attitude of being able to produce their watches on the "dot" of an hour. I do this three times, and occasionally four times, a day, without being conscious of having consulted the time of day for some hours previously. I have heard of others similarly afflicted.

45 Renfrew Street, HALBERT TATLOCK
Glasgow, C.2.

SEDITION AND THE PEACE ACT

SIR,—I am a child in matters of sedition. But it seems to me that your correspondent, Rev. Austin Lee, has raised a very important point when he contends that the allegiance of the Armed Forces is given to the *people* of England, the Crown being only the repository of sovereignty as well as its symbolic expression. Can it be that the fathers of the Incitement to Disaffection Bill were so shocked and indignant at those wicked Oxford undergraduates that they determined upon a dichotomy which should, at least, ensure that direct allegiance to the Crown be henceforth a legal obligation of military service?

It seems to me that the Bill may have one very serious consequence. One of the most important tasks of a future progressive British Government will be to pass a Peace Act, embodying in our constitutional law the obligations of the Covenant of the League of Nations. When that has been done, are we to infer that any attempt to recruit individuals—say members of the existing national air force—for an international air police force will be an action with intent to seduce them from their allegiance?

11 Woronzow Road, W. HORSFALL CARTER
London, N.W.8.

THE LEFT THEATRE

SIR,—We ask permission to bring to the attention of your readers an organisation whose object is to use the stage as a progressive force in modern politics. The Left Theatre is a group of professional actors who are breaking with "West End" traditions and are performing plays which are directly concerned with contemporary social questions.

It has already successfully produced two vigorous and important plays, *They Shall Not Die*, about the Scottsboro' case, and *Sailors of Cattaro*, about the revolt in the Austrian navy. We are now planning to produce the American anti-war play *Peace on Earth*, which ran for some months in New York and received a remarkably good press. The British censor has passed the play and in December we hope to perform it in West Ham, Battersea and Greenwich, as well as to give a Sunday evening's performance in central London.

As the censor's permit allows us to give public shows on weekdays, it will be far easier to make the production financially profitable, but it also means that we must have in advance a sum sufficient to cover the actors' salaries. We cannot engage them on the prospects of eventual profits. We are therefore asking you if we may appeal through your columns to all of your readers who are interested in the fight against war to help make this production possible by sending donations or guarantees to the Treasurer, Left Theatre, 49 Sharp's Lane, Ruislip, Middlesex.

On behalf of Left Theatre: MILES MALLESON
IVOR MONTAGU
HUBERT GRIFFITH

GERMAN TRIALS

SIR,—May we inform you that the trial of Koehler, Zweiling, and twenty-three other former members of the German Socialist Workers Party (S.A.P.) will now definitely take place on the 26th of this month? The prisoners will be tried by the second senate of the "People's Court," which is the same that imposed sentences of many years' penal servitude on the members of a group of young Social democrats (Kuestermeier) some weeks ago.

The following telegram was sent to Herr Hitler:

"We protest against the trial of Koehler, Zweiling, and twenty-three other members of the German Socialist Workers Party. We demand on the behalf of millions of manual and intellectual workers their release and call on all opponents of Fascism for a resolute fight!"

Romain Rolland, Henry Barbusse, André Gide, Professeur Langevin, André Mairaux.

Further details of this trial can be procured from the "Ernst Eckstein Fund," 23 rue Mouffetard, Paris V. Contributions for the prisoners and their families can be paid in England to W. N. Warby, "A" Account, 257 Bedford Row, London, W.C.1.

"Ernst Eckstein Fund," P. FINK
Paris.

MATERNAL MORTALITY

SIR,—Mr. David Garnett usefully points out, as Sir Arthur Newsholme did some years ago, that the falling birth rate has been increasing the proportion of first confinements, which are the most dangerous ones; and he rightly suggests that statistics giving the ratio of them to the total of births seem called for. I have been deploring that the death certificates do not enable the Registrar-General to calculate what is the maternal mortality per thousand first confinements, per thousand second confinements, and so on. A leading authority agreed with me, but remarked that a tentative estimate had shown that birth control, while it had raised the maternal mortality rate by increasing the proportion of first confinements, had equally lowered the rate by reducing the proportion of sixth, seventh and later ones. If this finding were correct, the rise in the maternal mortality rate has been a real rise and not just a statistical curiosity.

91 Bouverie Road W., B. DUNLOP, M.B.
Folkestone.

THE STATE AND THE THEATRE

SIR,—Apart from its sanity, simplicity and righteousness, which alone would damn it in the eyes of any Government which we are likely to have within the next hundred years, Mr. Priestley's brilliant idea has one serious disadvantage. No Government would provide an endowment of that nature without insisting upon controlling it, and the result would inevitably be a magnificent mausoleum for the glories of our dramatic past, rather than a maternity home in which the glories of our dramatic future may come to birth.

I think that it will be agreed that the difficulty about producing plays such as Mr. Priestley speaks of is that the production of plays is a business, and very naturally those who invest money in it do not want to lose their money. Therefore they play for safety, and only produce "safe" plays, which, if possible, resemble plays which have proved successful.

I would suggest that the key to the problem lies in the enormous profits which are made by successful plays. If these profits, instead of going into the pockets of the financial backers of plays, were to go into the reserves of a company whose profits were designedly restricted, unsafe, and therefore interesting, plays could also be produced.

A scheme to do this is in course of preparation. A small number of dramatic authors and persons interested in the theatre

are forming a company, whose aim is to produce new plays of merit—of which there must be many available—and to put the profits of production, if any, to reserve, so that as many good plays as possible may be performed; and plays which do not happen to meet with public approval will be paid for by those that do.

By this means it is hoped that a steady stream of new works by British authors will be produced. When a play makes good it may be transferred to another theatre, making way for another play, but its profits will continue to build up the company's reserves. When a play is not successful it will get a reasonable run and then make way for another play.

This, broadly, is the scheme, and whether it succeeds or not, I feel that it will be far pleasanter if British dramatists achieve their freedom through such a scheme, created and supported by their own efforts, than if they have to depend upon a dole, grudgingly given by an ungracious Government, out of the proceeds of an iniquitous tax. RICHARD HOPE

12 Primrose Hill Road, N.W.3.

SUNDAY CINEMA CHARITY

SIR,—I notice with regret that the London County Council has decided to increase the quota which cinema proprietors in the County area must pay to charity in respect of their Sunday takings. It is perhaps unnecessary for me to say that I hold no brief for cinema owners, but there has never seemed to me to be any just basis for the law which takes from these people part of their Sunday profits simply because they have been allowed to open their doors on Sunday. It is an illogical and equitably indefensible impost, which owes its origin to intolerant Sabbatarianism. In deliberately increasing the impost the L.C.C. is aiding and abetting the enemies of freedom who would like to see all cinemas closed on Sunday. ERNEST THURTLE

49 Lichfield Grove, London, N.3.

Miscellany

AGNEW'S WINTER SHOW

THOUGH this year's exhibition—"Gainsborough to Grant" it is called—is perhaps more interesting than important, it makes very pleasant seeing. Indeed, the only disobliging criticism I have to offer is that neither of the eponymous artists is adequately represented. The central Gainsborough, *The Goddard Children*, is charming of course—that goes without saying—but it is tired, and unfinished; *Mrs. Leycester* is an admirably painted, uninspired portrait; it is kinder not to look too closely into *An Act of Mercy*. Equally it goes without saying that the three pictures by Duncan Grant are good; but I suspect one could see better for the trouble of stepping downstairs at Agnew's or walking across Piccadilly to Lefèvre's. As representing a painter whom the title of the exhibition seems to claim—and I should be the last to dispute it—as the best of our English contemporaries, the modern Gainsborough, they seem to me inadequate. In fact, the *Still Life* by Vanessa Bell, hanging hard by, strikes me as better than any of them; to be sure, it is an exceptionally beautiful picture.

The exhibition indicates, without quite illustrating, the richness of the period 1800–1830, undoubtedly the richest in the history of British art. It is the period of Constable, Crome and Cotman, of the early and still admirable Turner, of Rowlandson, Bonington, Blake, David Cox and Nasmyth, of the better Wilkie, Leslie and Stark; to say nothing of the official portraitists, Lawrence, Raeburn, Beechey, Phillips and Singleton. What is more, a number of painters, who later were to take the bit between their teeth and plunge into the morass of Victorian vulgarity, were at that time, under the influence of a sound tradition, still doing respectable work. Even Frith and Mulready, as you may see in this exhibition, could paint quite nicely when they were young. Also there was the sympathetic Etty. Etty became an R.A. and was, I imagine, financially successful, but how the Victorian patrons put up with him I do not understand. For Etty, with all his faults, and they, as Lord Macaulay says in another connection, "were neither few nor small," was a genuine artist. The point is illustrated here. The man who made that *Venus and Cupid* (No. 38 in the catalogue) possessed the pride of the eye and the lusts of the flesh in some vigour: also he loved oil-paint.

Constable is represented by a lovely sketch, a noble landscape, and a too Hoppner-like portrait which has surely been repainted. The early Turner (1812) is a satisfying panorama piece. With his portrait of Captain Addington, Beechey makes an unusually good showing; and it is worth comparing this picture with Wilkie's self-portrait, painted in 1840 for Sir Robert Peel. Superficially the two are not unlike in style and handling; and the Wilkie, when one comes on it between Watts and the Pre-Raphaelites, is a pleasant surprise. Nevertheless, though Beechey was nothing like a great artist, in the comparison his superiority is manifest. The fact is we expect something of a picture painted in 1810 or thereabouts, whereas in 1840 we are thankful for anything that is not distasteful. 1840 is the beginning of the end: for the next sixty years and more, British painting lies gasping in the mud.

We have all tried our hands at accounting for this disaster. It is a popular and a fascinating theme. Generally it is explained by the rise to supreme wealth and patronage of an uneducated and tasteless middle-class and the collapse of aristocratic standards. There is truth in that, no doubt; but it must be observed that in France, where much the same thing was happening, the nineteenth century was the great age of painting. To be sure, the new rich in France had their Delaroches and their Meissoniers, their Cabanels and their Bouguereaux; but in France, and presumably in England too, arose, if not to vast wealth, at least to comfortable independence, a class of small capitalists and professional men, and this class it was, or rather a minute fraction of it, which helped through their early struggles the great French artists from Corot to Monet. Why did nothing of that sort occur in England? Or, perhaps, something of the sort did occur. Perhaps the counterpart of the French Impressionists are the English Pre-Raphaelites. In that case, discarding our fine economic and historical hypotheses, we must fall back on the simple Whistlerian dictum: "Art happens."

The Pre-Raphaelites are here in force: Holman Hunt, Burne Jones, Millais, Ford Madox Brown, Rossetti. It is always a shock to see them. One would have thought that after the "knock-out" delivered last year by the Pre-Raphaelite room at Burlington House, one's sensibility would have become inured to blows. But no: the brothers retain their power of astounding. And this time I note new matter for dismay. The Pre-Raphaelites must have dealt with a remarkable colourman; unless, indeed, they ground their own colours out of the most precious materials, which is possible. Their pictures maintain their pristine and pungent brightness undimmed. They look as durable as Byzantine mosaics—a solemn thought. To me they become more painful each time I see them. A Whistler *Symphony in White* hanging alongside looks extremely distinguished, as it is: I doubt whether it is anything more. The dark age closes with a picture of *Loch Ness*, by Watts. Everybody looks at it in the hope of discovering some trace of the monster. There is none; so it is better not to look.

The gap between these Victorians and the moderns is bridged by Steer, Conder and Sickert. One of the Steer landscapes, *Richmond*, is a good Steer, which is saying less than one would have meant to say had one used the same expression twenty years ago. Steer is a disappointment. His early pictures (e.g. *Girls Paddling*, in Sir Augustus Daniel's collection) had a good deal of that English beauty and charm which we find in all the best English painting from Gainsborough to Grant. Rather later, I suppose, he painted that big landscape in the Tate, which I still believe to be a fine picture. But now it must be long since he painted anything that was even good second-rate. Sickert, on the other hand, who is fairly represented here by *The Forest of Arques*, seems to improve with age:

certainly his pictures improve on acquaintance. The Conder is pretty and feeble. Augustus John takes us agreeably by surprise with an amusing sketch of Mr. Bernard Shaw enjoying a sleep from which no doubt he expects to be awakened by the last trump and the clattering of golden crowns upon the glassy sea; for it would be a hard thing if, having swallowed Marx and Stalin, he were to strain at the Book of Revelation.

There are enough of "the moderns" in this exhibition to justify our conviction that somewhere between 1900 and 1914 English painting woke up and turned a corner. Duncan Grant, John and Paul Nash, Matthew Smith, Vanessa Bell, Keith Baynes and H. E. du Plessis all contribute to this pleasing sense of stir. On coming round, English painting struggled out of the Victorian bog, and by turning a corner lost sight at once of Pre-Raphaelism and Whistlerism. All the artists I have just named are painters in the sense that Gainsborough and Constable were painters, in the sense that the Pre-Raphaelites were not. All are artists in a sense of that word which to the successful Victorians—with the exception of Turner, Etty and Whistler—was unknown. I note with particular pleasure the steady improvement of Keith Baynes. Always respectable, Keith Baynes, lacking confidence it seems, tended to be feeble. His pictures were nice looking but empty. Somehow or other he has contrived to gain courage, with the result that his painting has become more solid, and that, venturing to elaborate his always sensitive reactions, he now puts more into his work, thereby relieving it of that undernourished air. H. E. du Plessis, who exhibits a delightful riverscape, and another agreeable country scene, must be one of the most promising artists we have. I have no notion how old he is, but every year he surprises me by his increased power of rendering an extremely delicate and personal vision. If only he can go on improving and obtain a greater mastery of his material he should become a really important painter.

CLIVE BELL

THE GIELGUD "HAMLET"

ONE imagines Elsinore as a mediæval fortress perched on the dreadful summit of a cliff, but having had the curiosity to go there I found a low flat coast and a handsome Renaissance Palace. I was reminded of this contrast between the actual and traditional Elsinores by the difference between the New Theatre *Hamlet* and traditional productions of the play; and the highly sophisticated Cranach costumes reinforce the analogy. Mr. Gielgud has swept away the obscurity of the Middle Ages and given us in a Renaissance Court a most reasonable and civilised Prince. Now it is impossible, I fancy, ever to be entirely satisfied with a performance of *Hamlet*, because each one of us has his own idea of the play. And that is the fault of Shakespeare, who probably had no clear notion of what his tragedy was about, such as the nineteenth century critics tried to discover. The Elizabethan audience was certainly content to take each scene at its face value; but when we go to *Hamlet* we cannot help requiring a consistent interpretation; and that given by Mr. Gielgud (which is nearer to Goethe's than to Coleridge's), is, I believe, the most satisfactory one available. Most actors who are accomplished enough to be given the chance to play Hamlet, make him unduly neurotic, for mad roles, like Pirandello's Henry IV, afford special opportunities for what may be called, according to taste, either virtuosity or *cabotinage*. Thus Mr. Barrymore turned Hamlet into a hysterical governess. But Mr. Gielgud makes him an intellectual, a civilised man in an uncivilised country—or rather in a country which, like England at the end of the sixteenth century, was absorbing the manners of civilisation more rapidly than its spirit. There was a particular intensity in this Hamlet's cry:

> Give me that man
> That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
> In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of hearts. . . .

A man so profoundly averse from passion could no more be expected to kill his uncle than could Montaigne or Spinoza. But he expects it of himself, and that is the tragedy. He tries to rationalise his instinctive reluctance—"The spirit I have seen may be the devil" and "O this is hire and salary not revenge"; and then submissively goes off to England after a scene in which he teases the King instead of killing him. (Mr. Gielgud cuts this scene—he has to cut something and in fact gives us more of the play than we usually get. But it is here that Hamlet makes the weakest showing). This production brilliantly brings out the "occasions" which inform against Hamlet, the Player's speech, the meeting with the Norwegian Captain, and finally Laertes's leap into the grave, which does in fact succeed in exciting the savage in him, but excites him in the wrong direction. In Mr. Gielgud's most lucid exposition the central issue appears as the incompatibility between civilised man and the heroic "virtue" of revenge. But I think he makes Hamlet too purely the intellectual. I cannot imagine this young man setting the fashions at Court, still less being jealous of his reputation as an athlete. He is too literally "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought"—he needs a little brown in his make-up, and some padding in the shoulders of his doublet. For, as Ophelia's speech indicates, the Renaissance ideal of the civilised man was a courtier and a gentleman as well as a scholar. The second criticism which must be made is that at no point does Mr. Gielgud's Hamlet feign madness. It is true that the words he has to speak are never very wild, hardly more so than, for instance, the sallies of Mercutio, but this makes it all the more important for the actor (in the few scenes indicated) to act madness. Ophelia gives the most specific account of his slovenly appearance and crazy behaviour: this feigned madness may seem to Mr. Gielgud unimportant, perhaps a mere vestige of an earlier version of the play, but to neglect it is to make nonsense of the text. These two points made, his performance seems to me most admirable, both in conception and execution, and it is a treat to hear the verse spoken with such regard for its melody and meaning. I can imagine a more moving Hamlet, but I never expect to see another so intelligent.

The production is straightforward and rapid and good. The lighting is too consistently dim, but in one scene it is not dim enough, with the result that the play-scene is muffed—but I have never seen it not muffed. It seems obvious from the text that when plays were given in houses some sort of lighting was employed which kept the audience in darkness. But in every production of *Hamlet* I have seen when the King starts up and shouts "Give me some light!" and Polonius echoes "Lights, lights, lights!" they are both already excellently illuminated, and the whole dramatic force of their cries is lost. Mr. George Howe's Polonius could not be better, and I particularly liked Miss Jessica Tandy's Ophelia, which I notice has been condemned by several more eminent critics. Ophelia is of smaller stature than most of Shakespeare's heroines, a charming child lacking the will of a Juliet or a Desdemona; and Miss Tandy made her fresh and defenceless and infinitely touching. Miss Laura Cowie spoke the Queen's lines most musically, Mr. Byam Shaw's Laertes was attractively spirited, and Mr. Vosper make the King a most sinister Renaissance tyrant. Altogether this is the best production of *Hamlet* which I have ever seen or am ever likely to see.

RAYMOND MORTIMER

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"Strange Combat"

The cardinal weakness of Sarah Salt's play at the Gate Theatre is the inability of the authoress to express in terms of the theatre the psychological depth of her chief characters. A jaded woman hackwriter falls in love with a penniless young prizefighter, humiliates herself to win him, fails, and is killed by a blow which he gives her in his exasperated misery. The theme would make—indeed it has made—an excellent story. As a play, it slips too readily into realistic melodrama. The young prizefighter is necessarily crude and inarticulate. We are made to realise that

his boasting pride is an attempt to deny the creeping sense of failure which his joblessness brings on, but of his fundamental sincerities we are left dangerously unsure. Similarly Jane, the cynic who is weary of her own cynicism, and makes one last desperate effort to discover some intensity of feeling in herself, becomes tragic only if she can convince us of her intrinsic importance as a human being; otherwise the play must be judged purely as a realistic slice of life. With the authoress at one's elbow to control one's sense of proportion, Jane and Andrew achieve poignancy and importance. On the stage they are almost doomed to lose our sympathy. I say almost, because there are scenes in *Strange Combat* in which Dorice Fordred and William Freshman live up to the drama which is implicit in the plot. For the most part the play fails as tragedy—yet it succeeds as realism. It was well produced and well acted and is well worth seeing.

"Two Kingdoms"

It is easy to sympathise with Mr. Evan John's intentions in writing this versified romance of seventeenth century Japan at the Westminster; less easy to take much pleasure in the result. The couplet, however unheroic, has a pompous ring in the theatre nowadays, unless it is used epigrammatically, and Mr. John is neither poetic enough nor witty enough to use it for a whole evening without inflicting boredom. Moreover, the plot, a rather Elizabethan affair, and the characters, who beneath their exotic skins, are as commonplace a collection of puppets as you could find in any West End cocktail comedy now running, offer no compensation for the missing distinction of language; so that one must dismiss the piece in the end as a curious, courageous experiment.

A World of Their Own

To leave the Grafton Theatre, where Mr. William Simmonds has his puppet show till December 5th, and to go into the streets, is to desert a perfect world for a world of monstrous, oversized creatures, indecorously blundering and shouting. How poor is human movement after the sliding grace, the insinuated elegance of the puppets! These little creatures of the artist's making—fauns, dancers, soldiers, sailors, workmen, elephant and horse, deer and cock and kitten, the Victorian lovers and the Victorian Papa of *Mahogany Suite*—are living a life intenser and simpler than ours: they are all "caught in the artifice of eternity." Mr. Simmonds has an astonishing power of reducing an emotion, an imaginative moment to its essentials; here is the quiddity of *Harlequinade*, and in this Harlequin that dainty lover is immortal, Columbine is gay for ever, Clown and Pantaloon and Ghost pursue a perpetuity of torment and fun. This *Circus* preserves all that was true in Astley's or Hengler's—and how rare a moment it is when to the puppet audience in this puppet show, miniature puppets perform for our delight! In *A Seaport Town* we have the Platonic idea of the English village, deftly and delicately illustrated with music and song. The whole show, indeed, moves to unseen and magical music. In *Woodland* there is that held beauty which we find only in great poetry. In other puppet-shows, marionettes imitate or parody human life. Mr. Simmonds's puppets lead a withdrawn, exquisite life of their own, a life which we share as we watch them, but to whose patterned and rhythmical loveliness we can hardly hope to aspire.

Vic-Wells Opera

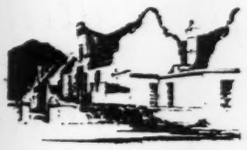
There can be no doubt that the Vic-Wells Opera Company has drawn a trump card in selecting to produce Johann Strauss's famous light opera *Die Fledermaus* (The Bat) at Sadler's Wells. The crowded audience on the first night seemed to be carried away right from the overture in a burst of wild enthusiasm which increased as the opera proceeded.

Their manifest enjoyment was easy to understand for the opera is one of the most attractive of its kind ever written, being full of gaiety and sentiment adroitly mingled with an unfailing fertility of real musical invention. Also the production had a theatrical efficiency and gusto if it lacked the true Viennese subtlety and polish. The same might be said of the singers who so obviously enjoyed their roles that the audience could not have failed to participate in their enjoyment. Among the principals Miss Ruth Naylor was a lively and attractive Adèle while Miss Gladys Parr gave a performance of the difficult part of Prince Orlofsky which was in some ways the most polished piece of work of all, Miss Joan Cross who was not particularly suited to the part of Rosalinda, rose, however, to her opportunity for a more impassioned singing in the famous Hungarian song in the second act which she rendered admirably.

The weakest spot in the production was the ballet in which the lack of precision was more than one can condone in what is now a semi-state institution. Also the dancers do not seem to have learned to use their arms except in the most haphazard and inexpressive style—if one can describe as style what looks more like individual wilfulness. Mr. Warwick Braithwaite conducted with the proper spirit but was inclined to make the Viennese dance rhythms too exaggerated at times.

"Le Lac des Cygnes"

This ballet was produced by the Vic-Wells company last Tuesday at the Gala Performance in aid of Queen Charlotte's Hospital. It had not been done in its entirety in this country for over twenty years, though part of it is well known owing to the Diagliev and de Basil companies' performances. The opportunity which Petipa's choreography, here revived by M. Sergeveff, gives to the principals was fully and excellently used by Markova, in the dual part of Princess and the Sorcerer's Daughter, and Mr. Robert Helpmann as Prince Siegfried. Markova has great technical ability. Her *fuettés* are not yet quite whip-like, but her virtuosity in every other particular is superb. She performed the many and exacting dances of this ballet with certainty, finish and ease. Markova seems to come to life visibly whenever she gets on her points, partly because her mime is not equal to her technical dancing ability. Mr. Helpmann is an able partner. He has an excellent stage presence, and a dramatic sense of character. He has already shown that he can take two such diverse parts in one evening as Albrecht in *Giselle* and Satan in *Job* and render each brilliantly. By his performance here he shows that he is rapidly becoming a dancer of outstanding merit. Of the soloists, Miss Moreton, Walter Gore and William Chappell danced their parts with distinction. The mime of the queen mother and the sorcerer, however, failed in expressiveness and the *corps de ballet* dancing was very uneven. Though the swan costumes were not an improvement on the feathered ones, the other costumes and the setting in the first and the lake acts



SOUTH AFRICA—
Land of Good Hope

The lofty pediment which crowns the frontage of South Africa House in Trafalgar Square, London, bears a carving in stone of an old-time vessel of sail named Good Hope. The symbol is linked historically with the foundations of South Africa—*Land of Good Hope*—and it is apposite to the present-day conditions in this Dominion.

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UNION OF SOUTH AFRICA

were pleasingly old German. Both these failed in the third act; where costumes of crude originality in design and colour and of poor material, together with an unimaginative setting, completely failed to convey the splendour of a castle ballroom. Apart from the excellent dances in it, this ballet largely depends for its effectiveness on the magnificence of the third act, and unless it is possible to stage it lavishly it cannot be an artistic or theatrical success.

Bloomsbury Gallery: Exhibition of Soviet Graphic Art

Writing of an exhibition which contains over four hundred and fifty paintings and drawings by eighty different artists, none of them of outstanding genius, it is obviously useless to start mentioning names. The general impression must suffice, and even this general impression is too complex to be put into a short paragraph. One went to the show expecting . . . what? In face of the reality it is not easy to remember what one expected—some kind of a tradition, perhaps, some sort of atmosphere. But there is none (and this show, incidentally, serves very well to show the importance of our own vital tradition, here in the West). One is, I suppose, first struck by the excessively bourgeois quality of most of the things to be seen. That is a stupid enough word, but the Russians occasionally use it themselves, and it applies very well to these particular products of the Soviet mind. Apart from a very few exceptions there is no sign of fresh and uncorrupted vision, nor even any self-conscious striving towards a new point of view. But there are plenty of indications of that philistine approach to art which one imagined, somehow, was peculiar to the suburbs of London and Paris and Berlin. The most efficient products are the etchings and book illustrations; but here again it is a little disturbing to find the latter-day conventions of the West so painstakingly reproduced (but surely without the inner impulse) in the East. One hoped, in short, for stimulus, instead one got a lesson—that human nature is pretty much the same in Leningrad and London, and that with a little more technical accomplishment the Russians will soon be as good as anyone in Bloomsbury at serving up second-hand ideas like new. There are, nevertheless, a few fresh minds on view, and the show is worth a visit for the fun of picking them out.

THE COMING WEEK

FRIDAY, November 23rd—
"Son of a Soldier," St. James Club Theatre, 14 Greek Street, 4.30, 6.30, 8.30. And on Nov. 24th.
Report on Spain by Lord Listowel and Miss Ellen Wilkinson. Other speeches by Joseph McCabe, David Low, Fenner Brockway and J. R. Campbell, Kingsway Hall, 8.
Dr. Dennis Carroll on "Crimes of Violence," Caxton Hall, 8.30.
"The Moon in the Yellow River," Haymarket Theatre.

SATURDAY, November 24th—
Junior Academy, Zane Grey's South Sea Adventures, 10 and 11.30.
Children's Film Society. Everyman Theatre, 11.
Schnabel, Queen's Hall, 3.
Song and Violoncello Recital, Victoria and Albert Museum, 3.
Mark Hambourg, Aeolian Hall, 3.15.

SUNDAY, November 25th—
H. W. Nevinson on "The Holy Spirit," Conway Hall, 11.
Film Society, Tivoli, 2.30.
Croydon Film Society, "Thunder over Mexico," Davis Theatre, Croydon, 2.30.
Blech String Quartet, Working Men's College, Crowndale Road, 6.30.
Miss Sinead Acheson on "The Record of this Parliament," Willoughby Hall, 1 Willoughby Road, 7.30.

MONDAY, November 26th—
"For Ever," Shaftesbury Theatre.
"Saint Joan," Old Vic.

TUESDAY, November 27th—
W. H. Kerridge on "Music in Soviet Russia," Friends House, Euston Road, 1.20.
Mrs. Dora Russell on "The Future of Child Education." London School of Hygiene, Keppel Street, 6.
B. Russell on "The Revolt Against Reason," Conway Hall, 7.
Dr. I. Mattuck on "Judaism," Morley College, 8.
Josef Hofmann, Queen's Hall, 8.15.
"Hurricane," Playhouse.

WEDNESDAY, November 28th—
"Half-a-Crown," Aldwych Theatre.

FRIDAY, November 30th.
Performance by the Rebel Players of the Workers' Theatre Movement of Three Plays, Tolmers Hall, Drummond Street, 8. Tickets obtainable from the Secretary, 1 Lytton Road, E.11.

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Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

THE old coachman has to go to make room for the young chauffeur, or the old gardener to make room for a younger man. The cottage goes with the job: it has been built in a definite relation to the stables or the greenhouses, and when the man is past work he and his wife must move out. For townspeople such an uprooting is not usually disastrous—one street is much like another—or the occasion is seized upon to fulfil some long frustrated ambition. It is different with country people. The man has worked for forty years in the same garden, the woman has been looking for forty years out of the same kitchen window and worshipping the same neat parlour and these unthinking busy moles find themselves suddenly disinterred from the comforting mould which was their world and thrown out upon the hard surface of the highway. They cannot adapt themselves; they become, for the first time, aware that they are old—and their nostalgia proves mortal. They die—"of a broken heart," say their grown-up children—while the panel-doctor's verdict is "enlargement of the spleen." Often enough no one is to blame for such an ending, and there is no moral except that it is better to retire young or else to die in harness; but this rootedness in place is a subject which is often neglected, and forms the theme of a novel *The Things Which Belong* by Constance Holme, which has just been reprinted in the *World's Classics* (Oxford Press, 7*s*.). Kirkby has been gardener's boy, undergardener, and head gardener in the same place all his life; his gardens are a never-ending, always changing, living, and flowering work of art. He has never been unduly proud or conscious of his own importance, or thought about himself at all, but has accepted the rewards of life as simply as "the fact of the pollen in the ripened flower."

> Visitors to the Hall treated him with deference, and consulted him as an authority. He was invited to lecture, to judge at flower-shows, to sit on the committees of various societies. He had also written pamphlets—one upon an Alpine plant which nobody else in England had been able to grow, but which grew quite simply and easily for Kirkby; merely, as far as one could make out, because he wished it to do so.

All this is to be blotted out and lost to him for ever.

* * *

For the book opens with his signing and sealing the letter which his old wife has been urging him to write for many years—the letter giving notice to his employers. Mattie has never felt happy at the gardens, has always wanted to get away to some larger, bigger place, where she will not feel shut in. Then, after her children have all grown up, and have emigrated and made good in Canada, her dissatisfaction has become more violent; she has grown to hate the gardens bitterly and to look on her gentle, absorbed husband as an enemy. The children have written many times inviting the old people to join them—plans have been made and set aside and not until there are grandchildren growing up has the old woman won the victory and the old man of seventy finally given way to her. The letter is left on the table and the whole book is the story of the next day. Constance Holme is a rather lush and wordy writer, her sentiment often approaches sentimentality, but *The Things Which Belong* is nevertheless a beautiful and moving book, because the deepest feelings of both the old man and his wife have been perfectly understood. Though they are told profusely they are not exaggerated or falsified in any way, and in the evening, exhausted by the emotions of the day, when Mattie has realised that they are both too old, that they have stayed too long, and that her life-long dream will never come true, the story suddenly becomes quite moving.

> Canada went out of her as she wept, and all the beautiful hope, which for so long it had represented. . . . I just want to say again, Mattie, that we'll go if you really want. . . . And you don't need telling that, if you could make up your mind to it, I'd a deal rather not go. I've had as bad a day thinking about it all as I ever remember.

* * *

That passage shows how near Constance Holme comes to the sentimental in her best moments. Her worst are only too often exemplified in another novel *The Trumpet in the Dust*, originally published in 1921 and now issued in an edition illustrated with woodcuts by Clare Leighton (Nicholson and Watson, 10*s*. 6*d*.). The illustrations, particularly that on the dust-cover, help to accentuate this sentimentalised view of country people: the girl dressed like one of Augustus John's models, perched on stepping stones, is a village girl with a genius for dressmaking, and wouldn't have been seen dead in such clothes. And this aesthetic falsification runs all through the story of the old charwoman who has been offered one of the almshouse cottages on which she has set her heart, but who . . . But I will not tell the story of what came between old Mrs. Clapham and her desire. It is difficult to praise a writer at all wholeheartedly who is liable to top off a description of the joyous utter fearlessness of wedding bells with a sentence like this:

> So across the fields Mrs. Clapham went smiling and weeping, but especially weeping; shedding the tears of all mothers for the end of the road of youth.

or who talks of that walk across the fields as coming "into this wide and wonderful house that was the Mind of God Himself," and goes on to say:

> Up here in the clean fields she seemed alone in a new world, with nothing of any importance but the free road to her desire.

Yes, only too often one is tempted to conclude that Constance Holme is but another Mary Webb, and leave it at that.

* * *

It is a relief to turn from the over-sweetness of the *Trumpet in the Dust* to the direct freshness of R. H. Mottram's stories in *The Banquet* (Chatto and Windus, 7*s*. 6*d*.). *Strawberry Time*, which describes how three young men becalmed on the Broads are attracted to a girl whose father doesn't intend to stand any nonsense, has the freshness of one of Turgenev's stories. It is as slight as the incident itself—but it is so alive that the reader feels that he is being reminded of something in his own experience; that he walked along the soggy banks, ate strawberries on the staithe and tried to get into conversation with the girl. "Yes, I was there," he agrees as he turns the last page. I have already expressed my appreciation of *Mr. Newcome at Harsenham*, which succeeds in summing up the English country and English country people at the present day, but I must recommend it again. Mr. Mottram is one of the few writers who really belong to the small country town and knows everybody in it. *The Idol in the Arbour* contrasts the senior clerk in the local bank with the countryman whom he has allowed unduly to overdraw his account most admirably. A large part of Mottram's admirably solid work deals with France, for the war years are unforgettable for him and his generation. Yet he is as English as Richard Jefferies.

* * *

The Lawyer's Last Notebook, Anonymous (Secker, 5*s*.), will delight everyone who has enjoyed the earlier volumes. The Lawyer is here a little more at his unbuttoned ease than usual, and many of his stories are flavoured with the cigars and the port. His opinions too, though the post judgments of experience rather than the prejudices of youth, are uttered with a good deal of heat. It is a book to dip into, and to pick up again. Nothing in one of the notebooks should surprise one, but I was surprised by finding seven and a half extraordinarily sensible pages on the management of young children, written by a lady in the eighteen thirties and here printed for the first time. And it contains some of the best stories I have come across, in print or out of it.

DAVID GARNETT

SPAIN AND ITS HISTORIANS

The Rise of the Spanish Empire. By Prof. R. B. MERRIMAN. Vol. IV. *Macmillan.* 31*s.* 6*d.*

This is the fourth and last volume of Professor Merriman's history. Its 680 pages take one through the reign of Philip II and cover the wide field of Spanish activity in Europe, Asia and America. It is therefore not surprising that, as he tells us in the preface, it has taken him nine years to complete it.

This history is in many respects a model of its kind. One is aware as one reads it of the careful and prolonged research that has gone to verify every statement of fact. The style is clear, the arrangement lucid, the judgment of the historian is admirably unbiased. If one wishes to know why the Armada failed, what series of events led to the Spaniards being ousted from the Netherlands or how the American colonies were governed, one will find an answer in this book.

It is true that this answer, though unimpeachably correct, may not always throw much light upon the matter. No glimpses will be offered of underlying causes. Nor will any pictures be called up in the mind. Only one character, Philip II, is described in more than a few words. None of the customs of the age are mentioned. Although, for example, the Duke of Alva is spoken of as being cruel, nothing is said of those roads lined with gibbets, those wholesale torturings and butcherings. Even the numbers of the executions are omitted. Certain star events, such as the battle of Lepanto, the defeat of the Armada, the affair of Antomio Perez, are recounted at length and these accounts are most interesting—but even here, where the scale is larger, there is an avoidance of any detail that is out of the direct casual sequence.

Once or twice, however, in this catalogue of political and military events different material is touched on. The religious revival influenced the age, and so presumably cannot be omitted, but the references to St. Theresa and St. John of The Cross are quite perfunctory, and in the four pages devoted to art, literature, scholarship and philosophy one finds the surprising statement that Herrera is a far greater poet than either St. John of The Cross or Luis de Leon.

There is also a singular moral obtuseness. History deals with events that influence on a large scale human happiness, and it is difficult for the reader to be interested where the historian is never moved by the issues at stake. Impartiality should not imply indifference.

One reads these 680 pages without ever being carried for a moment across the gulf that separates that age from ours, without ever being made aware that such a gulf exists, since all those stories by which it differs from other ages are glossed over or left out. Nor is there any indication that the country we are reading about is different from any other country; not a hint of what it is now, still less of the sharp and disagreeable impression it made upon contemporary travellers. For we are in the land of history books, far removed from all possible sense impressions, as safe and as colourless and as unexciting as the studies of Oxford dons or the offices of family solicitors. A method has been discovered for relating everything and describing nothing: a kind of algebra in fact, where the characters and events are so many *a*'s, *b*'s, and *c*'s, whose identity must never be gone into. For what would be the good of escaping from this painful world into the past merely to rediscover its disagreeable qualities there?

I may, of course, be wrong in expecting when I open a history book to be given a picture of a distant age and of its likeness and unlikeness to ours. Such histories I admit are not easy to write. But surely it is time that a different method of presenting the facts of the past was invented for the use of learned professors who are not also writers. Professor Merriman's book is, as I have said, one of the best examples of the academic history; it even escapes being dull, but the scale has been so chosen as to leave out nearly everything that ought to be put in. The most abstract treatment of history should provide concrete examples. And even in its abstractness it fails, for its analysis of the causes of the decline of the Spanish Empire is altogether conventional and superficial. I do not know what those causes were, though I suspect that the stupid bureaucratic system of Philip II, together with the natural pride and idleness of the Castilians and their disinclination to petty commerce and agriculture when money could be obtained more agreeably in America, had a great deal to do with it. Castilians will work to obtain a living, but not to enrich themselves. And if one inquires what were the economic causes, the effect of the famous prohibition to export gold is passed over by Professor Merriman. He does not appear to have heard of the view held by many economists that it was this prohibition that made the cost of living double itself every twenty-five years, for he alludes with approval to the popular opinion of the time, that it was the *export* of gold to pay the debts of the government in Germany that was ruining the country. This is a very important point in view of what is happening in Europe to-day, and it is a pity that Professor Merriman does not discuss it.

To conclude, I recommend this book to students of the period as a useful guide and reference book, but not to the general reader.

GEORGE BEATON

THE ESHER PAPERS

Journals and Letters of Viscount Esher. Vol. II. 1903-10. *Ivor Nicholson and Watson.* 25*s.*

The first volume of the Esher papers was an interesting picture of the fading Victorian age. The present instalment is one of the most significant historical documents we have for the seven years that it covers. There are few men and few institutions of the period upon whom it does not throw a light, peripheral indeed, but always revealing. And for the student of what Coke called that "dignified hieroglyphic," the crown, it is, with all its carefully edited discretions, likely to be the most indispensable authority we shall have until it is decided to do for the correspondence of King Edward what Lord Esher himself so remarkably accomplished for the reign of Queen Victoria.

Mostly, the interest concentrates on that twilight world of high politics which is still carefully concealed from the democratic view. It is the world of the Committee of Imperial Defence, of the inner life of the Liberal Cabinet, of breakfasts and dinners with the King, of those arranged and half-anonymous letters to the *Times* about which Foreign Ambassadors write long letters to their governments, of conversations which can only be whispered, and of objectives that dare not be wholly revealed. Of it all one is tempted to say that it shows how imperfectly Great Britain had become a democracy before 1914. The influence of the Crown is wide and profound; even politicians of the first eminence still approach it on their knees. The doctrine of continuity in foreign affairs is being brought to maturity, and, with abounding skill, naval and military policy is being largely removed from the arena of party conflict. The men at the centre of the stage have made up their minds that conflict with Germany is inevitable, and they are silently and relentlessly making their preparations for its coming. We are in a world where public opinion hardly counts in a serious way, and in which the House of Commons does not count for a great deal. What Lord Esher describes are the private corridors to power, and the significance of his picture is the greater, the more carefully it is studied.

His views of men are arresting. The Balfour we see here is far from the aloof dilettante of popular legend. He is an able and far-seeing politician, avid of power, quick to see his opportunities, zealous to fight for his ideas. Lord Morley is an able, but sensitive old maid, jealous of position, passionately ambitious, far removed from democratic leanings by his proximity to great decisions. We can see the slow dawn of the Lloyd George who was not merely the war-leader but also the maker of the Peace of Versailles. Haig, Fisher, Lord Roberts, Charles Beresford, Mr. McKenna and Mr. Churchill pass across the scene viewed from the angle of a courtier to whom the party-battle, with all its implications of social policy, is largely insignificant. War, the Court feels, is coming; and the contest in which men are to be judged is simply their willingness to assist in the moves being made for readiness for war. Its whys and wherefores do not exist for Lord Esher. He simply assumes a Germany whose ambitions imply conflict. All his energies are directed to seeing that the implications of that assumption are made, so far as possible, a matter of common agreement between the party leaders. His success, as his narrative proceeds, is remarkable enough.

War preparations apart, the most interesting part of the volume is its account of the constitutional crisis which surrounded the Budget of 1909. His pre-occupation was, at all costs, to keep the Crown outside of politics. To that end he was intensely eager that the Liberal Government should not commit the Crown to the creation of peers. The interest of his story is less in the results we know than in the strings he was able to pull to secure the proper weight being given to his view. King Edward himself, the King's private secretary, Mr. Balfour, the Archbishop of Canterbury, Lord Morley, Mr. Churchill, are all brought skilfully within the

ambit of his influence. He writes pseudonymous letters to the *Times*, the policy of which must have been a *secret de Polichinelle*, in that twilight zone where he liked to live. Mr. Asquith found another way than Lord Esher's out of the problem. But if there is anyone who doubts the reality of moral influence in a crisis, the existence of men willing to use it as a pawn in the political game, the difficulty of maintaining its effective neutrality as soon as decisive alternatives present themselves, this narrative should disillusion them. Had the King taken Lord Esher's view Mr. Balfour would have been Prime Minister in 1910, on the basis of a refusal by the Crown to create sufficient peers to end the interference of the Lords with Liberal legislation. Mr. Balfour was prepared for action which would have forced the Crown into politics to save historic rights, even twenty-five years ago an anachronism it is difficult to realise men were prepared to defend. One realises the significance of Lord Rosebery's prediction that the House of Lords will pass in a storm. What Lord Esher's account gives one to wonder is, how far that storm can be localised to the House of Lords only.

Much else in this volume is deserving of comment. The habits of soldiers and sailors, the methods by which great political appointments are made, the difficulty of keeping politicians at the top loyal to one another, the nature of the courtier, upon all these Lord Esher throws abundant light, often the more revealing because it is unconsciously thrown. His account of the struggle for army reform is the necessary prelude to Mr. Lloyd George's recent indictment of the professional soldier. For himself, Lord Esher reveals an attractive personality, tactfully intrusive, aware of his own limitations, thoroughly enjoying his role of *eminence guise*, interested in letters and the theatre in something of the spirit of the eighteenth century, in dignified contact with high finance, devoted to the Crown and happy to bask in its smiles. Everything is in his book except the people. He lived in an England in which it was not yet an active source of decision. HAROLD J. LASKI

ERASMUS

Erasmus. By STEFAN ZWEIG. *Cassell.* 10s. 6d.

This is not a biography. It might fairly, if harshly, be described as a historico-biographical essay swollen by repetitions into a short book. For instance, we are told again and again that Erasmus had not the martyr spirit—a quality of which no one ever accused him—and Mr. Zweig even calls Lavater as a witness; Lavater, "whose gifts as a physiognomist none will deny," discovered that the countenance of Erasmus, though "fine, reflective, shrewdly apprehensive," had no feature "to lead one to suspect any unwonted courage or daring." After that, stand out who can. Other clear points are harped on in the same way; and while all the leading ideas are over-stressed, the background is very much over-generalised. But, sandwiched between the slabs of dulness these two faults produce, there are many vivid and dramatic sketches—a few bold lines that tell at a glance, and stick all the better in the memory. The contrast between Erasmus and Luther is a pure gift to historians, and Mr. Zweig gets the last ounce out of it. His portrait of Luther is dreadfully effective—Luther, "son of a miner and offspring of peasant stock, enjoying perfect health, palpitating with life, indeed shaken by the storm of his inborn energies . . . a swaggering, brimming, almost bursting piece of living matter"—Luther who "shouted with glee when 'that swine' Zwingli, together with Karlstadt and all those who opposed his ideas, perished miserably," who felt really light-hearted only when "striking out in a blind frenzy, releasing his anger," who declared that such berserker onslaughts "laid temptation to rest and refreshed his whole bloodstream"—it makes "an almost deathly shudder run down one's back," as his friend Bucer said. The effect on Erasmus is easy to divine, since one feels it oneself. "Pummelling, foaming at the mouth, violent words were to him actually and physically unbearable. . . . Luther's harsh, dictatorial tones cut him to the quick." In contrast to that furious lust for battle, Mr. Zweig quotes a typical remark of the humanist's: "If ever I were given a fine estate in the country, but had to go through the law courts to enter into possession, I would prefer to renounce the gift." Erasmus is surely one of the most sympathetic figures in history: even his poor health, his neurasthenia, his queasiness become attractive, for every chink in his physical and moral frame lets in the light. It is not true that "he had nothing to thank his body for"; he owed to it that natural shrinking which made inhumanness a thing that (in Montaigne's words) he had not "the courage to imagine without horror."

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But, having obtained the Erasmus-Luther contrast, Mr. Zweig cannot resist an extra touch or two. They were psychological opposites: they were also foes: therefore the cause of Luther's victory must be psychological. He conquered "not merely because he was the greater genius of the two, but also because he was . . . a merry fighter." Mr. Zweig really knows better than that. A humane ideal, he says elsewhere, "lacks the elementary attraction" of hatred; moderate men need to realise that "their work is perpetually menaced by irrational passion . . . at any moment the flood-gates of fanaticism may burst open; and, pressed forward by the primal instincts lying at the base of all that is mortal, the torrent of unreason will break down the dams and inundate and destroy everything that impedes it." In other words, Erasmus was beaten not by Luther's genius but by the notorious and fatal facility of the downward movement.

> Lightly in half a day we lose again
> Good scarce acquired through years of toil and pain.

But Mr. Zweig, thinking too much in terms of drama, would like to find that a strain of weakness in his hero brought about the catastrophe, that "he was betrayed by what was false within." "His cautious disposition had deprived him of the power to give himself whole-heartedly to any cause." But he was not "deprived of the power"—he was simply *determined* not to "give himself whole-heartedly" to any brawler, and, which vitiates the whole argument, rightly determined. When, at the very start, he sighed over Luther's "want of moderation," the point is that he was right to sigh—as events proved. And, in spite of his non-appearance at the Diet of Worms, where he might or might not have effected something, he was, in his own more devious way, as steady as Luther. Badgered on all sides, he kept his ground, and might have declared, in the same sense as his opponent: "Here stand I: I can no otherwise."

Perhaps a love of drama is not the only cause of Mr. Zweig's faintly disparaging attitude. The fact is, though rationally on the side of the angels, he seems now and then infected by bad example with some doubts as to the "manliness" of siding with them out and out. All round his hero, reformers and zealots in the full tide of spiritual drunkenness (as Cromwell called it) rush upon destruction: perhaps Erasmus, in mere manliness, should have done the same? Julien Sorel, says Faguet, as first conceived had many fascinating qualities: he was ambitious, subtle, Machiavellian—*énergique*, hot-blooded, no. That was intolerable: hence the pistol-shot and the glorious guillotine. Well, Mr. Zweig has clearly some of Stendhal's feeling: if only Erasmus had, at least once in his life, been *énergique*, if only he had thrown reason to the winds and died for something, just to show he didn't care! With the novelist's power over events, would not this biographer have sent *his* hero to the gallows, out of pure zeal and concern for his reputation?

However, he is extremely reasonable in the main, and his book excellent within limits, though uneasily written in a style which tends to oscillate between the popular and the heavy. For instance, we are told of Luther that "as an artist in words he gave expression to the magnitude of his cultural attainments." What a sentence! But perhaps the translators are partly to blame. K. JOHN

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Harold Wright was Assistant Editor and later Editor of the "Nation and Athenæum" before it became amalgamated with the "New Statesman."

Museum Street, London, W.C.1

THE BIG BAD WOLF

Aspects of Modern Poetry. By EDITH SITWELL. *Duckworth.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Aspects of modern poetry—how much better if Miss Sitwell had confined her criticism to *appreciations* of modern poets! Her talents, and her inclination, surely lie that way. Everyone who is genuinely interested in poetry must be grateful to Miss Sitwell for the tact and understanding which went, for example, to the compilation of her *Pleasures of Poetry*—an anthology far above the ordinary. Personally, I have a greater respect for Miss Sitwell as an anthologist than as a critic; her comments on passages she has quoted tend to weaken the effect of her often admirable choice in quotation. It does not thrill me at all to learn that the "texture" of a particular poet is "soft as the dewy bosom of a bird, floating from sunny spaces among soft warm dark leaves, or it is deep as the shadow cast by faunal branches weighted with dew." Such writing seems to me indistinguishable from the sort of programme notes one reads in concert halls during an interval. The sentence which I have quoted is followed on the next page (*Aspects of Poetry*, p. 145) by a passage which seems to me typical of Miss Sitwell's method. She is criticising these lines of Mr. Sacheverell Sitwell's "Doctor Donne and Gargantua":

> God whom you worship, and the other Gods of other men:—
> Take yours, for instance:—plays a lonely game
> Moving his pawns, in armies, on each other;
> The Knights riding by loud light of stars over the field,
> Themselves like sunlight flashing between shades,
> As they go from dark to light over woods and plain.

And her comment is:

> In this lovely passage the texture is one with the theme, was born from it. That enchanted feeling of a world of deep-grassed dew-wet fields on a summer night was conveyed by the echoing of the long I's, which lengthen the line, and by the two L's placed close together; "loud" being a long stretch of cool sound, like a field of deep grasses cool with dew and shining in the light of the great stars; "light" being slightly less long than "loud," but higher—like a sound floating in the air, etc.

The object of the critic here is presumably to persuade and soothe; and perhaps there are readers on whom the passage will have this effect.

Nevertheless, I think that Miss Sitwell's appreciations are better than her denigrations. For her *Aspects* has its darker side; there is a Big Bad Wolf, against whom Poetry must be defended—Dr. Leavis, of Cambridge. "I'll huff and I'll puff," roars the Doctor; and the three little pigs sing a chorus of defiance. He appears, in chapter one, among a pack of wolves, and remains till the end of the book. Most of the qualities of the bad critic, we are given to understand, are possessed by this sinister figure; he is a mandarin, a prig, a shocking highbrow. If the present "muddle-headed" state of poetry is due to other influences besides his, there seems no doubt that the future muddle-headed state of poetry will owe everything to Mr. Leavis, unless something is done to stop him.

So, *Aspects of Modern Poetry* is a reply to *New Bearings in English Poetry*, written by Mr. Leavis in 1932. The poets discussed at length by Mr. Leavis were Yeats, Eliot, Pound, Hopkins and a "new poet," Mr. Bottrall. Miss Sitwell discusses Yeats, Eliot, Pound, Hopkins, and the "new poets" Mr. Bottrall, Mr.

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Auden and Mr. Day Lewis. There are also chapters on Mr. W. H. Davies, Mr. Sacheverell Sitwell and the Joyce-Stein school of prose-writers—subjects with which Mr. Leavis did not deal.

If the reader will compare Miss Sitwell's chapter on Yeats (*Aspects of Poetry*, pp. 73–89) with Mr. Leavis's remarks on the same poet (*New Bearings in English Poetry*, pp. 27–50), he will find that these two critics think more closely alike than Miss Sitwell's "attack" would seem to suggest. For example, Miss Sitwell begins by quoting Lang's sonnet "The Odyssey"; this sonnet was quoted, with the same intention and effect, by Mr. Leavis (p. 11 of his book); both refer, in their comments, to the *Oxford Book of English Verse*, to Swinburne, the Pre-Raphaelites, Keats and Tennyson. Miss Sitwell quotes Arthur Symons on symbolism (*Aspects of Poetry*, p. 76); Mr. Leavis refers to him (*New Bearings in English Poetry*, p. 29). Villiers de l'Isle Adam's "As for living, our servants will do that for us," is quoted by both (*Aspects of Poetry*, p. 77; *New Bearings in English Poetry*, p. 31). Again, a passage of sixteen lines from Yeats's *Autobiographies* is quoted by both (*Aspects of Poetry*, p. 78; *New Bearings in Poetry*, p. 31). A sentence of Yeats's about Morris is quoted by Miss Sitwell on p. 79 of her book, and by Mr. Leavis on p. 35 of his. And on pages 82 and 83 of Miss Sitwell's *Aspects* this quotation from Yeats's *Autobiographies* appears:

> "I was unlike others of my generation in one thing only. I am very religious, and deprived by Huxley and Tyndall, whom I detested, of the simple-minded religion of my childhood, I had made a new religion, almost an infallible church of poetic tradition, of a fardel of stories, and of personages and emotions, inseparable from their first expression, passed on from generation to generation by poets and painters with some help from philosophers and theologians. I wished for a world where I could discover this tradition perpetually, and not in pictures and poems only, but in tiles round the chimney piece and in the hangings that kept out the draught. I had even created a dogma: 'Because those imaginary people are created out of the deepest instinct of man, to be his measure and his norm, whatever I can imagine those mouths speaking may be the nearest I can go to the truth.'"

This passage—except for the first sentence and for the words "and not in pictures and poems only, but in tiles round the chimney piece and in the hangings that kept out the draught"—had been quoted by Mr. Leavis on page 30 of his book. Miss Sitwell continues:

> He had come to hate Victorian science, he tells us (*Autobiographies*, page 101), "with a monkish hate," for he thirsted for that wisdom which is a voice of God.

Mr. Leavis had written (*New Bearings*, p. 30):

> He hated Victorian science, he tells us [footnote referring to *Autobiographies*, p. 101], with a "monkish hate," and with it he associated the Victorian world.

Miss Sitwell continues:

> His poetry is a universal poetry, that speaks to all men, although his voice is that of the sea-cliffs of Ireland, of the sedge of the lakes of Ireland . . . "from the moment I began the *Wanderings of Usheen*," he tells us in a note, ". . . my subject matter became Irish." His voice is an Irish voice, but it speaks of a universal wisdom that existed in the beginning of things; and that wisdom was sought in many ways and on many paths.

Mr. Leavis had written (*New Bearings*, p. 34):

> Its importance is what is indicated by this note: ". . . from the moment when I began the *Wanderings of Usheen* . . . my subject matter became Irish."

And lower down on the same page (*New Bearings*, p. 34):

> For Mr. Yeats's Irishness is more than a matter of using Irish themes and Irish atmosphere. It means that his dream-world is something more than private, personal and literary; that it has, as it were, an external validation. It gives him the kind of advantage that he has in mind here.

Continuing, Miss Sitwell quotes from Yeats exactly as Mr. Leavis had quoted in *New Bearings* (pp. 34, 35):

> "I filled my mind with the popular beliefs of Ireland. . . . I sought some symbolic language reaching far into the past and associated with familiar names and conspicuous hills that I might not be alone amid the obscure impressions of the senses . . . or mourned the richness or reality lost to Shelley's *Prometheus Unbound* because he had not discovered in England or in Ireland his Caucasus . . . ". (*Essays*, page 434).

It will be seen that in her criticism of Yeats Miss Sitwell owes something to the previous taste and skill of Mr. Leavis. (His name, by the way, is never mentioned by Miss Sitwell in this essay.) And this rather spoils the impetus of her attack on Mr. Leavis. In the same way she attacks Mr. Geoffrey Grigson and appropriates, without acknowledging, an exceedingly apt quotation from Yeats's *Packet for Ezra Pound*, which Mr. Grigson used in a review in *New Verse*, October, 1933, pp. 17 and 18. As the result of reading *Aspects of Poetry*, I turned to *New Bearings in English Poetry*, re-read much of it, and decided that Mr. Leavis, for all his faults, is an incomparably finer critic than Miss Sitwell. He has the advantage of wider and more exact knowledge, greater precision, more originality and a clearly defined purpose. To take a minor example, one never doubts his accuracy; Miss Sitwell's chapter on Hopkins contains numerous mistakes in quotations, besides misspelt names. I do not mean to imply that *Aspects of Modern Poetry* does not contain good criticism; for it does at times, particularly in the chapters on Eliot and Pound, reach a very high standard. But the book as a whole is hardly impressive. Miss Sitwell may have all the heart, but, for the uses of criticism, I much prefer Mr. Leavis's head.

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life with an assured position and a golden chance. His first exploit was as Party treasurer in an election, after which his candidate only retained his seat for the reason for which some men retain their wives, that investigation revealed equal misconduct on both sides. Corruption, in a technical sense, came easy to him, for, to Hudson, if a situation contained an abundance of cash and a good cause, there appeared no possible grounds for hesitating to use any means for making the former achieve success in the latter. He was not fundamentally dishonest, nor even, as Gladstone admitted, an irresponsible speculator. However shady his methods, they were generally effective and always related to a cause. It was his special gift to be able to unite the cause and his pocket in a holy wedlock in which there was no meum and tuum. He was finally destroyed by men for whom he had made fortunes, and who had lived for years on the proceeds before they discovered how they had been cheated. He did not ruin his friends. It is true that the attack only matured when the slump began, but the slump was not purely of his making, and most certainly was not due to the speculations—even though these amounted to half a million—of which he was proved guilty. It was a moral, rather than a financial, edifice which crumbled before the eyes of the investigating committees and the anxious and indignant shareholders.

Mr. Lambert, in this excellent book, has taken immense pains to unravel the intricacies of Hudson's complicated dealings. For this the specialist will thank him, but the ordinary reader will be more grateful for the vivid portrait of the man and the telling picture of the manners and morals of the early Victorian world. Hudson was accepted by society on the terms usually offered to self-made men. As a lion, he was a social asset, but he remained a curiosity and a beast. Peers, statesmen, bishops and judges thronged the stairs of his mansion at Albert Gate, but their wives would not have him in their houses. The home and the family remained the trusty bulwarks of social class.

In the history of capitalism Hudson occupies a significant place. He was the first of the new industrial magnates, and he had to hold this difficult position, which combines the functions of enterprise and trusteeship, in an intensely individualistic age which had not yet fully established a code of morals for political, let alone for industrial, bureaucracy. His constituents, the shareholders, voluntarily gave him autocratic powers which put a fortune within his reach. Why should he not grasp it? The prices of stocks rose and fell at his word. He was perpetually in possession of information worth hundreds of thousands to the investing public. Why should he not profit? So obscure was the law that his exposure was followed by no criminal prosecution, although he was universally denounced as a moral monster. The *Times* summed up the situation with admirable fairness. "Mr. Hudson's position," it wrote, "was not only new to himself, but absolutely a new thing in the world altogether. His subjects exalted him to the position of those early kings who knew no difference between their own purses and the public exchequer, between their private secretaries and the Lord Chancellor, between the aggrandisement of their family and the good of the people, or between prerogative and law. Hudson was the William the Conqueror of Railways."

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The advantages of loving your characters and letting them down gently or, should you hate them, of hating them with the kind of sympathetic and imaginative detestation that almost amounts to love, are exemplified in the opening chapters of *The Jasmine Farm*. Throughout its earlier episodes, sympathy is predominant. "Elizabeth" has a delightful gift of social satire; but, although most of the party that gathered at Shillerton for the week-end were middle-aged, prosy and ridiculous, her portraiture is very far from being savage. Satire tempered with sympathy suits her style. The first chapters are extraordinarily amusing; and, since all novels that chronicle the misadventures of a week-end party have something of the same atmosphere, *The Jasmine Farm*—at least, in those earlier episodes—might perhaps be compared to Mrs. Wharton's brilliant and unduly neglected novel, *Twilight Sleep*. The effect of both novels is bland yet scathing. Like Mrs. Wharton, "Eliza-

beth " is at her best among rich people, to whom their wealth gives the specialised and slightly neurotic air of over-bred animals, and among their dependants who fatten wistfully at the rich man's board. Lady Midhurst is rich, distinguished and intelligent. Moreover she is Good. . . . No breath of scandal has ever been permitted to enter her house ; and it is in the fact that her only daughter, Lady Terence, for several years has been carrying on an intrigue with the *ami de la maison*, a quiet chap-fallen personage who manages Lady Midhurst's stocks and shares, that the tragedy and comedy of the narrative are implicit.

This situation the novelist is adroit enough to allow her readers to discover on their own account, by means of a succession of small hints. A smile, a movement . . . But the onlooker who intercepts them draws the wrong inference, and for a time the reader himself is puzzled and doubtful or misled. The climax of the drama is neat and convincing. Married to an extremely vulgar, but extremely attractive young woman, Andrew Leigh was usually invited to Shillerton without his wife. On this occasion, however, he is accompanied by Rosie ; and it is Rosie's desire to send off yet another coroneted envelope before breakfast on Monday morning that leads to the discovery of the whole affair. " So you won," says Lady Terence to old Mr. Topham, who had sat up playing chess with Andrew Leigh, long after the rest of the party had retired to bed. From the next room, Rosie hears this slip ; which is also noticed by Mr. Topham, an inveterate gossip. . . . And so the story reaches Rosie's terrible mother and Lady Midhurst's large and talkative circle of friends.

There, surely, the novelist might have lowered the curtain. Part One is comedy with an inkling of tragedy ; Part Two a rather wearisome and improbable melodrama. The method employed in Part One is subtle, sympathetic and nicely balanced. That passionate, yet angelic creature, Lady Terence, may remain always a little shadowy ; but the elderly politician, Mr. Torrens, who divides his attention between Rosie—pretty and provocative as she was common—and his hostess, whom he has loved faithfully but to no purpose, emerges with all the salience of real life :

> Recovered from his wish to embrace, he once more thought highly of friendship. And it was made easier for him because when next he saw her, in the drawing room before dinner, she looked fifty again, instead of twenty-five as she had in the misleading sunset—an admirable fifty, of course, most exquisitely made the best of, but fifty. What can you do with a woman of fifty, except be friends? Mr. Torrens, watching her welcome the recovery and reappearance of Rosie, felt purged. It was not an unpleasant sensation. So, thought he, deliberately keeping his images on a low level, might a book feel which has just been bowdlerised, and so a plate, which has just been rinsed. And it now appeared to him surprising that he should ever have wanted to lay any hands on his very dear, his almost venerable friend, other than hands of blessing.

From this temperate literary clime, it seems a pity that we should be obliged to step into Part Two, which is occupied with a description of Lady Midhurst's hopeless grief and of the blackmailing activities of " Mumsie "—Rosie's unscrupulous and insensitive parent. With her arrival, the story goes to bits ; and the reader who has enjoyed its early chapters will be well-advised to put it down at the point where Andrew—showing, according to Lady Midhurst's butler, " the sort of face a gentleman should keep solely to be sick with "—creeps away, broken and dispirited, towards his doom. The conclusion is both improbable and sentimental ; incidentally, it is out of key with the rest of the book.

So much for the vanity of illicit love-affairs. Lady Midhurst would have disapproved—and, no doubt, quite rightly—of Nicky Vane, the heroine of Miss Monica Redlich's second novel ; and yet Nicky's chief vice was summed up in her inability to say " No " and in her propensity for taking the line of least resistance. Nicky lived among terribly clever people ; her father was a novelist ; her friends wrote reviews and articles for the weekly papers ; and, since Priscilla raised no objection and she herself was very much in love, it was natural that she should console Adrian for Priscilla's light-hearted infidelity by becoming Adrian's mistress and confidante. The *Consenting Party* is more plausible than her surroundings. The representative of a type that is nowadays by no means uncommon, Nicky Vane has provided Miss Redlich with the material for a diverting satire, or modern cautionary fable, which should be placed by every mother on her daughter's bookshelf. Unconventional as are many of the incidents of this little story, the resolutions that it induces are highly moral.

Riot, too, might be described as a " moral " book. Mr. Hunter is a novelist of genuine talent ; *Riot* is his second novel ; but he is still under the influence of Mr. Hemingway and there are pages of

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dialogue and, indeed, whole chapters where he appears to be writing a deliberate and painstaking pastiche of Mr. Hemingway's prose style—a style of which it is as easy to adopt the mannerisms as it is difficult to acquire the terseness and strength. Yet *Riot* is no mere effort of imitation. The story of a violinist who, by losing a finger, loses the art that had given his life its meaning, who marries one woman, loves another and returns to his jealous and unhappy wife on the last page, it is an interesting and, at times, a moving work. If Mr. Hunter can escape from his early model, he should develop into an unusually good story-teller.

Story-telling is Mr. T. H. White's main preoccupation; and a "rattling good story" in the Surtees manner is what he attempts to give us—*Earth Stopped* being Jorrocks freshened up here and there with a dab of new paint and a few modernist figures to brighten the foreground. Thus, among Lord Holdhard, the Countess of Scamperdale (a direct descendant of the famous Lucy Glitters) and other personages whom Surtees would not have failed to recognise, he has introduced Pansy, a fashionable photographer, Mr. Marx, a Communist, and Miss Aggie Gigle, "the most photographed debutante for forty years," an obvious straggler from *Vile Bodies* or *Decline and Fall*. The result would be exhausting rather than exhilarating, were it not redeemed by a certain equestrian dash and gusto.

PETER QUENNELL

GREEK LITERATURE

A History of Classical Greek Literature. By T. A. SINCLAIR. *Routledge.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The ordinary reviewer of a work like this approaches it with a measure of diffidence, often verging on fear and trembling. The author is an expert, and the critic an amateur. Nevertheless, if he is intelligent and tolerably instructed, he can tell a good book from a bad one, and may, without presumption, offer his modest opinion. That opinion will be given from the point of view of one who, in Macaulay's phrase, "reads Plato with his feet on the fender"; who takes the *Odyssey* with him on holiday as the best sea-side "thriller"; who never tires of the Seventh Book of Thucydides or of the Apology of Socrates; but who does not haul his Liddell and Scott from the shelf more often than he can help.

Judged from this aspect, the book seems a marvel of compression and erudition. There can be scarcely a fragment of Greek lyric which has escaped Professor Sinclair's notice, and he knows all that has been unearthed from the rubbish-heaps of Oxyrhynchus. Here it is particularly valuable; for the new light thus thrown on the history of Greek literature, broken as it is, has inevitably modified our view of it. A large part of a new satyric play, for instance, added to the old *Cyclops* of Euripides, enlarges our ideas of that remarkable *genre*. Here, then, the student has before him an accurate summary of modern knowledge, which at the same time discriminates carefully between fact and conjecture.

In appraising literary merit Professor Sinclair is notably independent: his views are his own. Thus he is not one of the blind eulogists of Aristotle's *Poetics*. "Not all that Aristotle says is equally valuable; and there is much that is only half-discussed or not at all: the work has given rise to more questions than it can answer." Above all, Professor Sinclair is no narrow devotee of pure classicism. His book points forward, "Let us not, like Aristotle, look backward only, but turn our eyes from Athens to Alexandria, from the great names of the classical period to the great names of the Hellenistic Age, nor forget that Greek literature did not die but won fresh life when her cities fell." Callimachus, Theocritus, and Lucian, to say nothing of the New Testament, are in their way as well worth reading as Aristophanes or Demosthenes.

Where brevity is so important, I think that Professor Sinclair might have saved space by omitting, *inter alia*, his analyses of the various books of Homer or of the plays of Aeschylus. People who read these, whether in the original or in translations, either find such analyses provided or can draw them up for themselves. The space thus saved could have been used in fuller explanations of the present state of the Homeric Question, or in the suggestion of parallels from other literatures; for the time has gone by when it was considered enough to treat Greek literature in isolation. How can you appreciate the *Iliad* without comparing it with *Beowulf* or the *Nibelungen Lied?* After Professor Chadwick's *Heroic Age* it is impossible to think of Achilles apart from Gunnar, or of Nestor apart from Njal: and Professor Murray, in his *Rise of the Greek Epic*, has shown how the Pentateuch may illuminate the Epic Cycle. One would have liked to hear some Sinclairiana on these points.

It seems to me that Professor Sinclair is at his best when dealing with the drama. Here his remarks are always suggestive, and (as indeed throughout the book) there are constant little hints which show that he has marked and weighed the discoveries and opinions of other scholars. His sympathies are wide, and, while plainly stirred by the grandeur of Aeschylus, he does full justice to the genius of Euripides. Hardly less admirable is his sketch of the rise and growth of Greek prose, from its tentative beginnings to its culmination in Isocrates and Plato.

The book is astonishingly accurate. I have observed but one incorrect date, and that an obvious misprint—the death of Xenophon is put "about 455" instead of "about 355."

Altogether, it is one for which we have reason to be grateful, and it is a worthy member of the series to which it belongs.

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It seems a long way from those modest and no doubt ill-assorted flowers to Mrs. Spry's book, with its glorious Heem's frontispiece, its elegant photographs and its altogether exquisite and subtle flower arrangements. But is it? The childhood flowers have been set down at random, almost without thought, as they

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occurred to me. Yet they all have honoured places, except the aspidistra and the cowslips and the paper roses, in Mrs. Spry's book. Even the pampas grass is there and the violet, and the maidenhair. More than that: the everlasting-flowers have come back to fashion, and with them the scented geraniums and the pink and blue primroses. What the poor once set on their whatnots and slate mantelpieces, the elite and the rich employ in the fashionable drawing-rooms of to-day. Is there a moral? It would be possible to add many other decorative objects to the childhood list: not only flowers, but onions, tomatoes, marrows, seed-pods hung on the ham-hooks to dry, and even rhubarb. Strangely enough, all these are in Mrs. Spry's book, too. Not that her book contains only remnants of Victorian and Edwardian flower-fashions. If there is an exotic and expensive flower she has not mentioned it is, no doubt, an oversight. Her pages are cornucopias of strange fruit and blossoms. She talks of stephanotis and gardenia and bougainvillia and Nankeen lilies as others talk of pinks and daisies, and she uses them in turn with a prodigality that is slightly staggering.

Thus her book, though it contains the flowers of the poor, is hardly meant for the poor. Without any malice, I think it is exclusive. But in all other respects it is admirable—and much needed. The use of flowers for internal house decoration does not seem to go back much farther than the nineteenth century, and in a sprightly and engaging preface to the book the late Sir William Lawrence remarks: "When I say that the present practice in flower arrangement is on the level of English cookery, I have said it." To which one must add that though the English have never been renowned for their cooking, they have been renowned for centuries, and deservedly, for their taste and love of flowers. In Japan the art of flower arrangement is symbolic, almost religious and very ancient. But in England flowers seem to have no symbolism, religious or otherwise, except for the dead. Why is it? Judging by Mrs. Spry's book, there is no reason why this ever should have been, and still less why it should be so to-day. Women take exquisite care, as Mrs. Spry remarks, with their clothes, their furniture, their finger-nails, their food, their busts. Why not with flowers? And anyone who feels inclined to agree with Sir William Lawrence or who sticks his or her flowers into any kind of vase without previous thought, would do well to get Mrs. Spry's book. Some of her arrangements are masterly: as for instance, the arum lilies—symbols of death if ever there were—arranged in a fine, severe black marble vase in the photograph on page 145. The wax-white, slightly reflexed trumpets, on short stems, closely packed together, are wonderfully living, a revelation. But if Mrs. Spry is an artist, she is also full of common sense, never dogmatic and rarely effusive. She is conversant with every material phase of flower arrangement: substance of petals, their form, colour, scent, restfulness, brilliance, simplicity, their colour effect in shade and sunlight and artificial light, and even their psychological effect on women and men. Red appears to delight men. Is that significant? Finally, she has included a short chapter on white flowers, symbols of blameless lives and melancholy associates of death and marriage: on which my only comment is that there are seven white flowers in my childhood bouquet.

My objections to the book are two. First that it would have been much more instructive to have the photographs, excellent though they are, coloured like the Heem's frontispiece. And second that the book appears to be designed for millionaires—though that is no reason why the poor should not steal both it and its recipes for loveliness.

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The Musical Companion. Edited by A. L. BACHARACH. *Gollancz.* 6s.

The greatest delight of being rich, it has been said, is that one may command one's own private string quartet. It may be said without offence that the principal delight of sitting at the head of a powerful publishing house must be that one can, if one is public-spirited enough, earn more than the ordinary gratitude by the issue of such a magnificent book as this, of 750 pages and at so modest a price. The very inclusiveness with which it has been planned and the authority of its execution prevent anything remotely approaching just appraisal. An excellent introduction is formed by Book I, written by Mr. W. R. Anderson, dealing with the A.B.C. of music. The chapters on Notation, The Fundamentals of Music, Form and the Orchestra are excellent and exactly what is required by the music lover who desires to obtain some definite knowledge of the art he admires. Too often books aiming at teaching "appreciation" fail to proceed from an exact musical basis. Book II, dealing more extensively with The Orchestra and Orchestral Music has been provided by Mr. Julius Harrison, while Professor Dent has contributed Book III on Opera. Book IV on The Human Voice by Francis Toye and Dyneley Hussey is followed by Mr. Edwin Evans' splendid account of Chamber Music. The Solo Instrument by Mr. F. Bonavia gives an admirable introduction to pianoforte and stringed instrument music. Finally, there is a charming essay from Mr. Blom on Performance and Listening, of much wider interest than the title suggests.

The China Year Book, 1934. Edited by H. G. W. WOODHEAD, C.B.E. *Simpkin Marshall.* 42s.

The Manchukuo Year Book, 1934. TOA-KEIZAI CHOSAKYOKU. (*East Asiatic Economic Investigation Bureau*) *Tokyo.* 12 yen.

The China Year Book, 1934, is the 16th issue of one of the best reference books in the world. Its price may look a trifle high, but to those who are seriously interested in China it is well worth it. It contains in its 800 odd pages a prodigious amount of information and statistics, relating to Chinese economics and politics, history and geography, law and religion. Each section has been revised and brought up to date, and a new chapter on the Chinese press has been included. Another new feature is the Rajchman Report, which appeared just in time to enable the editor to print it in full in the Year Book. "Manchukuo" is dealt with in a separate chapter; this is for the convenience of the reader, and, as Mr. Woodhead says, does not imply a pronouncement of judgment on the "Manchurian question." *The Manchukuo Year Book* (which emanates from Tokyo) is naturally fuller on its own subject. It, too, runs to over 800 pages and covers all the different branches of life and affairs in Manchukuo. The editors profess to aim at giving "a plain, impartial statement of the facts as they exist," and they do their best. But on one important fact—how Chinese Manchuria comes to be Japanese Manchukuo—their "impartiality" is not very conspicuous.

Camille Desmoulins. A REVOLUTIONARY STUDY BY PIERS COMPTON. *Scholartis Press.* 5s.

This book was published within a few days of the same author's iconoclastic study of Queen Elizabeth called *Bad Queen Bess* (Ouseley 6s.). It is a better book than the other, not only better written, but more truly inspired and less consciously sensational. When, indeed, Mr. Piers Compton has rid himself of a truculent striving after sensational effect—when, too, he selects a subject sufficiently resilient—he may achieve a brilliant biography, for he can write, he has the analytic and selective faculty, a strong sense of the dramatic, and a *flair* for recreating character. He sees in the impulsive and picturesque character of Camille Desmoulins, who "began as an incendiary and ended

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as a martyr, the symbol of revolution. Spiritually an uncultured and unsophisticated Shelley, Desmoulins was the type of intellectual revolutionary encountered in Russian novels—a romantic imagining himself a realist. He entered upon leadership "with the air of a child about to sample a new toy," and recoiled in horror on finding a lethal weapon in his hand. His imaginative, poetic quality prohibited the ruthlessness necessary to revolutionary success, and eventually brought him to the guillotine. Mr. Compton justly describes this clever etching of character as "a revolutionary study," for he reveals Desmoulins as a type inevitably found in every revolutionary movement—the intellectual romantic who regrets having resorted to violence on realising its results.

The Rose of London. By GUY PAGET. *Hutchinson.* 18*s.*

This is, without doubt, one of the most eccentric books that has yet appeared. It is, supposedly, the biography of Jane Shore who was, for many years, the mistress of Edward IV; but it is also "a pageant of her times and contemporaries." The historical novel has always been, even in the hands of a master, a dubious form of art. There is the difficulty of anachronism in language and subject; there is the well-nigh insuperable difficulty of the artist being able to see things as his ancestors saw them; and the dialogue is almost inevitably bound to be ridiculous. A humbler writer than Mr. Paget might have quailed before such stumbling blocks. But the book is almost entirely dialogue. We are even treated to the intimate conversation of Edward and Jane. The Hollywood producers would make an admirable "historic" film from *The Rose of London*, no doubt. (There is a good shot, for instance, where Jane administers a pick-me-up for poor Edward's thick head.) That the book will find readers is not to be questioned, but it cannot by any possible stretch of the imagination be read by the adult.

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1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, November 30th.

2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.

3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.

4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

Can You Answer these Questions

How does National Planning differ from (1) Socialism; (2) Fascism?

How far can we trust the critics of Literature?

What is the scientific meaning of "an inferiority complex"?

How do the film play and the stage play differ in technique?

How can the Banks influence commodity prices?

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RESULT OF COMPETITION 243

Set by V. S. Pritchett

We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for:

One line of quotation from English verse advertising any six of the following things: Bread, wireless valves, beer, lipstick, a General's memoirs, gas-masks, meat-extract, a perfume, a cruise, the new pedestrian crossings, woollen underwear and the telephone. The example is petrol: "Hail to thee, blithe Spirit."

Report by V. S. Pritchett

I have been inundated with entries for this competition which apparently drove scores and scores of readers to books of quotations. If the number of authors quoted were an indication of the scope of readers' reading I should say that this paper went every week into hot-beds of literary culture! The task of judging has been an appalling one, but it has been simplified to some extent by the fact that many readers forgot that their quotations must be suitable for advertisements. Mr. William Bliss writes to say it would all have been much easier if he had been allowed to denounce the various products. Of course, it would have been! There's always a catch somewhere! The greatest difficulty lay in the fact that nearly every entry contained two or three excellent lines while the remainder were commonplace. In no case was there a completely successful entry. The number of individual witty items was great. Several competitors drew upon Blake's *Little Lamb, who made thee?* for woollen underwear, but when they used Rupert Brooke's, *A Purpose in Liquidity* for beer—this was almost as popular as that very old chestnut, "Tell me where is fancy bred"—I felt rather sad. A number of people obviously used the same dictionary of quotations. I should like to have given a prize for the best individual lines. Here is a picking:

Underwear:

"Snugger, milder, softer, neater" (Shelley).
"Pants for its sempiternal heritage" (Shelley).
"Above, about or underneath" (Milton).

—and the best of all, by Mr. William Bliss—

"Say Wolsey. . . ." (Shakespeare).

Meat Extract:

"All things here are out of joint" (Tennyson).
"What a change of flesh is here" (Beaumont).
"My strength is as the strength of ten" (Tennyson).
"Once again the bull supreme" (Hodgson).

The *Pedestrian Crossings* produced only one really good line. This came from Tennyson's *Locksley Hall*: "Not in vain the distant beacons. Forward, forward let us range."

The only really apposite thing said about *wireless valves*, with the exception of the line in one of the winning entries, was a sardonic quotation from Cowley, made by Mrs. Best: "I broke them all and put on new. . . ." This, of course was no advertisement. There were two excellent lines for *cruises*. From Milton, Mr. A. S. Gray's "Prodigious motion felt, and rueful throws," and Mr. Anthony S. Watson's extract from Tennyson, "Me mightier transports move and thrill." The best *Gas Mask* line was, "Against infection and the hand of war."

The final choice of prize winners was almost arbitrary. In the end it became impossible to distinguish the witty from the wittier. I have divided the prize because neither of the two winners has a completely good list.

FIRST PRIZE (1)

Lipstick:

"and lilies stand disguiséd in new red."
John Hall (1627–1656) *The Call.*

Gas-Masks:

"All, all are gone, the old familiar faces."
Charles Lamb, *The Old Familiar Faces.*

A Perfume:

"All Arabia breathes from yonder box."
Pope, *The Rape of the Lock*, I 134.

New Pedestrian Crossings:

"—Like a beacon guards thee home."
Tennyson, *Im Memoriam.*

Woollen Underwear:

"A combination and a form indeed!"
Shakespeare, *Hamlet*, III iv. 60.

'THIS IS HOW I WOULD WRITE AN ADVERTISEMENT'

— says the Vicar

THERE is a tobacco called Three Nuns. It is a very good tobacco. I cannot say whether it is the best tobacco in the world, because I have not tried them all; but I have rarely known a Three Nuns man change his brand. It is unusually cool to smoke; that is because it burns so slowly, and for the self-same reason it is a really economical tobacco. I should like to describe its flavour, but if I did so you might think I was exaggerating.

THREE NUNS

The original tobacco of curious cut, 1/2½d. an ounce

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212

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The Telephone :
" O stop your ringing and let me be ! "
Kipling, *Brookland Road.*

ALPHAMU

FIRST PRIZE (2)

The New Pedestrian Crossings :
" Beloved from pole to pole."
Coleridge, *Ancient Mariner.*

Woollen Underwear :
" Is Winter hideous in a garb like this ? "
Cowper, *The Winter Evening.*

Meat-extract :
" Who conquers where he comes in every jar."
Shakespeare, *Venus and Adonis,* I 100.

Gas Masks :
" Can execute their aery purposes."
Milton, *Paradise Lost,* Book I, 1. 430.

Wireless Valves :
" Comes silent, flooding in, the main."
Clough, *Say Not the Struggle Naught Availeth.*

A General's Memoirs :
" Work up to Foam, and threat the Government."
Dryden, *Absalom and Achitophel,* Part I, 1. 141.

ANGELA MILNE

SECOND PRIZE

Wireless Valves :
" You get the pick of the news, and it costs you never a pin."
Up at a Villa, down in the City, Browning.

Lipstick :
" In the wide poppy opening for her mouth."
The wife of Llew, Francis Ledwidge.

A General's Memoirs :
" Ancestral voices prophesying war."
Kubla Khan, Coleridge.

A Perfume :
" An amber scent of odorous perfume."
Samson Agonistes, Milton.

A Cruise :
" And the good boat speeds through the brightening weather."
Paracelsus, Browning.

Telephone :
" Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight."
To a Skylark, Shelley.

CALLUNA

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 100.—TRIXIE.

Message sent by an affectionate Uncle to a little girl who likes ciphers and cryptograms :

" Here's a puzzle for you, Trixie—if you're not getting too grand, now they've given you your colours for netball. Anyway, you remember the rule : *All persons more than a mile high to leave the Court.*

RIUMO AEFTN
FYRDU HYARY
RPOPN BSYA." .. ..

What is the message ?

PROBLEM 98.—STAMPS.

Let there be n letters, of which p have French stamps. The six letters can be selected in ${}_nC_6$ ways and six letters with French stamps in ${}_pC_6$ ways.

But we know that the chance that all letters will bear French stamps is $\frac{1}{11}$

i.e. $$\frac{p(p-1)\ .\ .\ .\ (p-5)}{n(n-1)\ .\ .\ .\ (n-5)} = \frac{1}{11}.$$

By trial it is readily discovered that $n = 12$, $p = 9$.

i.e. There are 12 letters, of which 9 bear French stamps.

PROBLEM 97.—FIFTH OF NOVEMBER.

A set of Low's cartoons goes to :

B. J. R. Moreton, Chandos House, Stowe School, Buckingham.

There were 213 correct solutions.
Five points are awarded.

PRIZES FOR PROBLEM SOLVERS

A set of Low's cartoons is awarded to the sender of a correct solution selected at random.

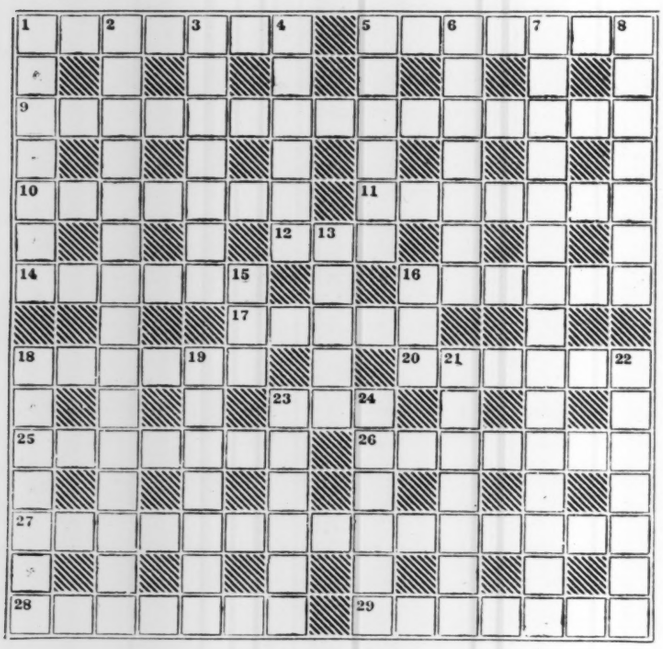
In addition, a record is kept of correct solutions sent, and of the points scored weekly by solvers. On attaining 100 points, a solver is entitled to a prize, consisting of any book (or books) reviewed or advertised in these columns, of a value not greater than 10*s*. Solvers who have won a prize on this basis are eligible for a second prize on attaining a further 120 points, and for a third prize on attaining a further 150. Solutions must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o the Editor, and must reach this office not later than Tuesday week following publication of the problem. Solutions to two problems may be sent in one envelope ; but on separate sheets of paper.

Some indication should be given of the method of solution.

CALIBAN

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 246

The sender of the first correct solution to be opened may choose as prize a copy of either *This England* or *The Playtime Omnibus.* Envelopes should be addressed to " CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1, and must arrive not later than first post next Wednesday.



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is
J. H. G. Gibbs, Fosters, Hall Lane, Upminster, Essex

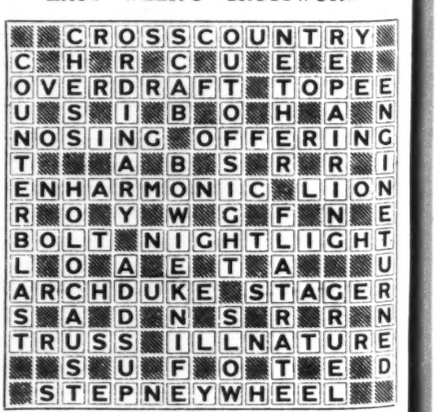
ACROSS

1. Their bow ties are stringy.
5. Pool with pyramids.
9. Demons for whom one would no doubt get contempt.
10. Is often snaky in the East.
11. " Housed " the fox might say.
12. Sort of car one finds in India.
14. The Navy's in Amy's clutches.
16. Batting tips.
17. Not the mount Mahomet had to go to, but possibly the one that took him there.
18. " This ——court of Venice
Must needs give sentence."
20. Rodent to spoil the cat's back.
23. Yesterday and tomorrow but never to-day.
25. Firing slit in a fortress ?
26. It's useless to shut the stable door when the horse isn't.
27. Financial description of D.S.O. for instance.
28. This place makes the sow pork.
29. Gives daily support to China.

DOWN

1. Results after after.
2. Does he raise from the ranks wholesale as a business proposition ?
3. There's the rub for athletes.
4. Flights that even the least air-minded can take.
5. A near relation in hospital.
6. O, it's Greek.
7. It sounds as though he might get an order from the starboard.
8. Superior version of lives.
13. *The* British Empire.
15. A foot short behind.
16. The son who brought the house down.
18. Shakespearean justice.
19. Shut down, the street's up.
21. The outside of a continent in Europe.
22. Man of war—and peace.
23. The headless body of this batsman rises another kind of body.
24. Fits 'im, but not properly.

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD



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